

English Literature for Secondary Schools

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MACAULAY'S ESSAY ON
FRANCES BURNEY



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TORONTO

Macaulay's Essay
on
Frances Burney
(Madame D'Arblay)

With Introduction and Notes by

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"Horace Walpole's World," etc.

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INTRODUCTION.

IN 1778 the publication of an anonymous novel opened a new chapter in English literature. The English novel had been little more than a narrative of incidents or emotions, generally so silly and sentimental, or so coarse and exaggerated, as to be left to the foolish and the ill-bred. Richardson, indeed, had placed his homilies in the genteel mouths ; Fielding had exhibited rich humour, especially in scenes of low-life ; Smollett, condemned for coarseness, could draw character ; but Frances Burney went beyond them all, for she transferred to the novel that life-like presentation of character which had previously been known only on the stage, and lit up with wit and humour the scenes—not of out-of-the-way times and places—but of ordinary daily life in London. Just as the classical age of the drama was about to close, she opened the classical age of the novel.

Evelina or the History of a Young Lady's Entrance into the World leapt into fame by its own merit. The simplicity of the style was suited to the youthful heroine, the long letters which unfold the tale were natural enough in that epistolary epoch, and, given the curious situation of the heroine, as arranged by the skilful plot, there was little improbable in the story. Cultivated

readers were equally delighted by the humour of the more vulgar characters, and the pathetic innocence of the heroine, whose inevitable seriousness in the midst of the strangest scenes enhances the mirth. Whether the characters are quite so much emphasized as Macaulay suggests may be debated. Lord Mulgrave, a distinguished sailor, used to chaff Miss Burney on the severity of her portrait of Captain Mirvan; she notes in her *Diary* that the more she saw of such naval officers—and she had a sailor brother—the more convinced she felt that she had actually under-drawn his brutality. It is interesting to compare Mirvan with the Admiral in *Persuasion*, and consider whether the difference lies between Fanny Burney and Jane Austen, or between an older and a newer type of sailor. The letters of the time afford several instances of persons who, like Mrs. Delany's brother, or Mr. Crisp, were wholly possessed by an overwhelming self-esteem exhibited in a fashion which would now be considered eccentric.

Cecilia or Memoirs of an Heiress (1782) is a more elaborate and graver work. The letter plan is abandoned for narrative, there is more attempt at pathos, and troubles more practical than Evelina's are seriously analysed. If the story is, to our taste, rather lengthily drawn out, it is decidedly interesting.

The first book made timid, shy, little Fanny Burney free of the most brilliant literary society London had ever contained, in an age when literature commanded the interest and homage of all the polite world. Literary ladies were by no means unrecognised; the "blue-stockings," Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Vesey, the instructive Mrs. Chapone, the admirable Hannah More,

were genuinely esteemed and complimented ; but they never became intimates of that noble literary coterie of which Dr. Johnson was the sovereign during the twenty or thirty years before his death in 1784.

Johnson's principal home was at the comfortable Streatham mansion of Thrale, the kindly brewer. Mrs. Thrale was an unwearying friend and hostess to all his connections ; and since he declared that he loved all of the name of Burney whom he knew, and even some whom he did not know, it followed that Mrs. Thrale at once became the kindest of Fanny's new friends, and her chaperone into London society. And society was charmed. "She is half-and-half sense and modesty," wrote the critical Horace Walpole, "which possess her so entirely, that not a cranny is left for affectation or pretension. Oh ! Mrs. Montagu ; you are not above half as accomplished."

Macaulay's *Essay on Madame D'Arblay* (to give Fanny her married name) is one of his most interesting studies. Himself an ardent member of the Whig party, he was versed in all the traditions of its brilliant era, the eighteenth century, that golden age of English prose. Naturally his historical judgment was often biassed, and has come to be regarded as untrustworthy. But this is hardly the case with his literary criticism, founded on a wide acquaintance with the letters and manners of the age of George III. There were no politics in the brilliant company whom Macaulay depicts about Dr. Charles Burney.

Music was, for a great part of the eighteenth century, a serious pursuit in the fashionable and highly cultivated world of London. Oratorio and opera inspired a really

party feeling, sure proof of success, and Dr. Burney's gifts and reputation gave him a passport into the highest society. This, indeed, occasioned his daughter's unhappy entry into the royal service, the explanation of which is quite simple. George the Third's almost only recreation was music. He had been charmed by Burney's *History of Music*, and asked whether he would like the post of Director of the Queen's small private band. Burney was delighted ; but unfortunately a peer who held the office of Chamberlain asserted that the appointment lay with him, and as, no doubt, the Constitution would be endangered if the royal wishes were consulted, he named a protégé of his own. George III. knew better than to dispute a Whig claim to patronage ; but he worried over his broken promise, and the Queen tried to find out some way of soothing him. Learning that Dr. Burney would be as much pleased by something for his daughter, she offered her the place of Second Keeper of the Robes. The place was for life, the salary, what had sufficed for Queen Caroline's high-born Maids of Honour only fifty years earlier. While it is impossible to find excuses for Charlotte's callous selfishness or the odious etiquette which she had inflicted on the Court, it is fair to remember that she had heavy calls on her resources ; for the king endeavoured to escape publicity and political interference by allowing all dignified court posts to become sinecures, and almost confining the royal household to the queen's establishment, which consisted of middle-class persons and foreigners. Charlotte deliberately composed her household of such persons because, she said, they would expect less, and be more submissive, than persons of higher rank.

Fanny was well aware of the sacrifice she made in accepting such an office, but her father and her friends considered it a striking recognition of her genius, and congratulated her. She wrote sadly in her *Diary* that she was “foregoing by it all my most favourite schemes and every dear expectation my fancy had ever indulged of happiness adapted to its taste,” but she knew that a refusal would horrify not only her family but everyone else. Even such a fine gentleman as Horace Walpole considered the post an honour to her: “I am glad of *her* interest,” he wrote, “but sorry for my own . . . as I shall certainly not live to read her memoirs, though I might another novel.” He regarded her subsequent resignation as a courageous act: “I am happy at and honour Miss Burney’s resolution in casting away golden, or rather gilt chains: others, out of vanity, would have worn them till they had eaten into the bone.” Fanny never revealed even to Mrs. Delany her misery at court: that charming old lady, who constantly saw her, the queen and the friendly princesses, all supposed her perfectly contented. Clearly she had great powers of self-control.

Even her inimitable *Diary* for those five years gives no compensation for the conclusion of her career as a novelist, for it can but record trivialities: interests were excluded from Charlotte’s court, and Fanny Burney’s spirits and sense of humour became permanently dulled.

FRANCES BURNEY.

A Review of “The Diary and Letters of Madame D’Arblay.”

[Written 1843.]

THOUGH the world saw and heard little of Madame D’Arblay during the last forty years of her life, and though that little did not add to her fame, there were thousands, we believe, who felt a singular emotion when they learned that she was no longer among us. The news of her death carried the minds of men back at one leap over two generations, to the time when her first literary triumphs were won. All those whom we had been accustomed to revere as intellectual patriarchs seemed children when compared with her; for Burke had sate up all night to read her writings, and Johnson had pronounced 10 her superior to Fielding, when Rogers was still a schoolboy, and Southey still in petticoats. Yet more strange did it seem that we should just have lost one whose name had been widely celebrated before any body had heard of some illustrious men who, twenty, thirty, or forty years ago, were, after a long and splendid career, borne with honour to the grave. Yet so it was. Frances Burney was at the height of fame and popularity before Cowper had published his first volume, before Porson had gone up to college, before Pitt had taken his seat in the House of Commons, before the voice of Erskine had 20 been once heard in Westminster Hall. Since the appearance of her first work, sixty-two years had passed, and this interval had been crowded, not only with political, but also with intellectual revolutions. Thousands of reputations had, during

- that period, sprung up, bloomed, withered, and disappeared. New kinds of composition had come into fashion, and gone out of fashion, had been derided, had been forgotten. The fooleries of Della Crusca, and the fooleries of Kotzebue, had for a time bewitched the multitude, but had left no trace behind them ; nor had misdirected genius been able to save from decay the once flourishing schools of Godwin, of Darwin, and of Radcliffe. Many books, written for temporary effect, had run through six or seven editions, and had then been
10 gathered to the novels of Afra Behn, and the epic poems of Sir Richard Blackmore. Yet the early works of Madame D'Arblay, in spite of the lapse of years, in spite of the change of manners, in spite of the popularity deservedly obtained by some of her rivals, continued to hold a high place in the public esteem. She lived to be a classic. Time set on her fame, before she went hence, that seal which is seldom set except on the fame of the departed. Like Sir Condy Rackrent in the tale, she survived her own wake, and overheard the judgment of posterity.
- 20 Having always felt a warm and sincere, though not a blind admiration for her talents, we rejoiced to learn that her Diary was about to be made public. Our hopes, it is true, were not unmixed with fears. We could not forget the fate of the Memoirs of Dr. Burney, which were published ten years ago. That unfortunate book contained much that was curious and interesting. Yet it was received with a cry of disgust, and was speedily consigned to oblivion. The truth is, that it deserved its doom. It was written in Madame D'Arblay's later style, the worst style that has ever been known among
30 men. No genius, no information, could save from proscription a book so written. We, therefore, opened the Diary with no small anxiety, trembling lest we should light upon some of that peculiar rhetoric which deforms almost every page of the Memoirs, and which it is impossible to read without a sensation made up of mirth, shame, and loathing. We soon, however, discovered to our great delight that this Diary was kept

before Madame D'Arblay became eloquent. It is, for the most part, written in her earliest and best manner, in true woman's English, clear, natural, and lively. The two works are lying side by side before us ; and we never turn from the Memoirs to the Diary without a sense of relief. The difference is as great as the difference between the atmosphere of a perfumer's shop, fetid with lavender water and jasmine soap, and the air of a heath on a fine morning in May. Both works ought to be consulted by every person who wishes to be well acquainted with the history of our literature and our manners. 10 But to read the Diary is a pleasure ; to read the Memoirs will always be a task.

We may, perhaps, afford some harmless amusement to our readers if we attempt, with the help of these two books, to give them an account of the most important years of Madame D'Arblay's life.

She was descended from a family which bore the name of Macburney, and which, though probably of Irish origin, had been long settled in Shropshire, and was possessed of considerable estates in that county. Unhappily, many years 20 before her birth, the Macburneys began, as if of set purpose and in a spirit of determined rivalry, to expose and ruin themselves. The heir apparent, Mr. James Macburney, offended his father by making a runaway match with an actress from Goodman's Fields. The old gentleman could devise no more judicious mode of wreaking vengeance on his undutiful boy than by marrying the cook. The cook gave birth to a son named Joseph, who succeeded to all the lands of the family, while James was cut off with a shilling. The favourite son, however, was so extravagant, that he soon became as poor 30 as his disinherited brother. Both were forced to earn their bread by their labour. Joseph turned dancing master, and settled in Norfolk. James struck off the Mac from the beginning of his name, and set up as a portrait painter at Chester. Here he had a son named Charles, well known as the author of the History of Music, and as the father of two remarkable

children, of a son distinguished by learning, and of a daughter still more honourably distinguished by genius.

Charles early showed a taste for that art, of which, at a later period, he became the historian. He was apprenticed to a celebrated musician in London, and applied himself to study with vigour and success. He soon found a kind and munificent patron in Fulk Greville, a highborn and highbred man, who seems to have had in large measure all the accomplishments and all the follies, all the virtues and all the vices, which, a 10 hundred years ago, were considered as making up the character of a fine gentleman. Under such protection, the young artist had every prospect of a brilliant career in the capital. But his health failed. It became necessary for him to retreat from the smoke and river fog of London, to the pure air of the coast. He accepted the place of organist, at Lynn, and settled at that town with a young lady who had recently become his wife.

At Lynn, in June, 1752, Frances Burney was born. Nothing in her childhood indicated that she would, while still a 20 young woman, have secured for herself an honourable and permanent place among English writers. She was shy and silent. Her brothers and sisters called her a dunce, and not without some show of reason; for at eight years old she did not know her letters.

In 1760, Mr. Burney quitted Lynn for London, and took a house in Poland Street; a situation which had been fashionable in the reign of Queen Anne, but which, since that time, had been deserted by most of its wealthy and noble inhabitants. He afterwards resided in Saint Martin's Street, 30 on the south side of Leicester Square. His house there is still well known, and will continue to be well known as long as our island retains any trace of civilisation; for it was the dwelling of Newton, and the square turret which distinguishes it from all the surrounding buildings was Newton's observatory.

Mr. Burney at once obtained as many pupils of the most

respectable description as he had time to attend, and was thus enabled to support his family, modestly indeed, and frugally, but in comfort and independence. His professional merit obtained for him the Degree of Doctor of Music from the University of Oxford; and his works on subjects connected with his art gained for him a place, respectable though certainly not eminent, among men of letters.

The progress of the mind of Frances Burney, from her ninth to her twenty-fifth year, well deserves to be recorded. When her education had proceeded no further than the horn-book, she lost her mother, and thenceforward she educated herself. Her father appears to have been as bad a father as a very honest, affectionate, and sweet tempered man can well be. He loved his daughter dearly; but it never seems to have occurred to him that a parent has other duties to perform to children than that of fondling them. It would indeed have been impossible for him to superintend their education himself. His professional engagements occupied him all day. At seven in the morning he began to attend his pupils, and, when London was full, was sometimes employed in teaching till eleven at night. He was often forced to carry in his pocket a tin box of sandwiches, and a bottle of wine and water, on which he dined in a hackney coach, while hurrying from one scholar to another. Two of his daughters he sent to a seminary at Paris; but he imagined that Frances would run some risk of being perverted from the Protestant faith if she were educated in a Catholic country, and he therefore kept her at home. No governess, no teacher of any art or of any language, was provided for her. But one of her sisters showed her how to write; and, before she was fourteen, she began to find pleasure in reading.

It was not, however, by reading that her intellect was formed. Indeed, when her best novels were produced, her knowledge of books was very small. When at the height of her fame, she was unacquainted with the most celebrated works of Voltaire and Molière; and, what seems still more

extraordinary, had never heard or seen a line of Churchill, who, when she was a girl, was the most popular of living poets. It is particularly deserving of observation that she appears to have been by no means a novel reader. Her father's library was large ; and he had admitted into it so many books which rigid moralists generally exclude that he felt uneasy, as he afterwards owned, when Johnson began to examine the shelves. But in the whole collection there was only a single novel, Fielding's *Amelia*.

10 An education, however, which to most girls would have been useless, but which suited Fanny's mind better than elaborate culture, was in constant progress during her passage from childhood to womanhood. The great book of human nature was turned over before her. Her father's social position was very peculiar. He belonged in fortune and station to the middle class. His daughters seemed to have been suffered to mix freely with those whom butlers and waiting maids call vulgar. We are told that they were in the habit of playing with the children of a wigmaker who lived 20 in the adjoining house. Yet few nobles could assemble in the most stately mansions of Grosvenor Square or Saint James's Square, a society so various and so brilliant as was sometimes to be found in Dr. Burney's cabin. His mind, though not very powerful or capacious, was restlessly active ; and, in the intervals of his professional pursuits, he had contrived to lay up much miscellaneous information. His attainments, the suavity of his temper, and the gentle simplicity of his manners, had obtained for him ready admission to the first literary circles. While he was still at Lynn, he had won Johnson's 30 heart by sounding with honest zeal the praises of the English Dictionary. In London the two friends met frequently, and agreed most harmoniously. One tie, indeed, was wanting to their mutual attachment. Burney loved his own art passionately ; and Johnson just knew the bell of Saint Clement's church from the organ. They had, however, many topics in common ; and on winter nights their conversations were

sometimes prolonged till the fire had gone out and the candles had burned away to the wicks. Burney's admiration of the powers which had produced Rasselas and the Rambler bordered on idolatry. Johnson, on the other hand, condescended to growl out that Burney was an honest fellow, a man whom it was impossible not to like.

Garrick, too, was a frequent visitor in Poland Street and Saint Martin's Street. That wonderful actor loved the society of children, partly from good nature, and partly from vanity. The ecstasies of mirth and terror, which his gestures 10 and play of countenance never failed to produce in a nursery, flattered him quite as much as the applause of mature critics. He often exhibited all his powers of mimicry for the amusement of the little Burneys, awed them by shuddering and crouching as if he saw a ghost, scared them by raving like a maniac in Saint Luke's, and then at once became an auctioneer, a chimney-sweeper, or an old woman, and made them laugh till the tears ran down their cheeks.

But it would be tedious to recount the names of all the men of letters and artists whom Frances Burney had an opportunity of seeing and hearing. Colman, Twining, Harris, Baretti, Hawkesworth, Reynolds, Barry, were among those who occasionally surrounded the tea table and supper tray at her father's modest dwelling. This was not all. The distinction which Dr. Burney had acquired as a musician, and as the historian of music, attracted to his house the most eminent musical performers of that age. The greatest Italian singers who visited England regarded him as the dispenser of fame in their art, and exerted themselves to obtain his suffrage. Pachierotti became his intimate friend. The rapacious 30 Agujari, who sang for nobody else under fifty pounds an air, sang her best for Dr. Burney without a fee; and in the company of Dr. Burney even the haughty and eccentric Gabrielli constrained herself to behave with civility. It was thus in his power to give, with scarcely any expense, concerts equal to those of the aristocracy. On such occasions the quiet street

in which he lived was blocked up by coroneted chariots, and his little drawing-room was crowded with peers, peeresses, ministers, and ambassadors. On one evening, of which we happen to have a full account, there were present Lord Mulgrave, Lord Bruce, Lord and Lady Edgecumbe, Lord Barrington from the War Office, Lord Sandwich from the Admiralty, Lord Ashburnham, with his gold key dangling from his pocket, and the French Ambassador, M. De Guignes, renowned for his fine person and for his success in gallantry.

10 But the great show of the night was the Russian Ambassador, Count Orloff, whose gigantic figure was all in a blaze with jewels, and in whose demeanour the untamed ferocity of the Scythian might be discerned through a thin varnish of French politeness. As he stalked about the small parlour, brushing the ceiling with his toupee, the girls whispered to each other, with mingled admiration and horror, that he was the favoured lover of his august mistress ; that he had borne the chief part in the revolution to which she owed her throne; and that his huge hands, now glittering with diamond rings, had

20 given the last squeeze to the windpipe of her unfortunate husband.

With such illustrious guests as these were mingled all the more remarkable specimens of the race of lions, a kind of game which is hunted in London every spring with more than Meltonian ardour and perseverance. Bruce, who had washed down steaks cut from living oxen with water from the fountains of the Nile, came to swagger and talk about his travels. Omai lisped broken English, and made all the assembled musicians hold their ears by howling Otaheitean love songs,

30 such as those with which Oberea charmed her Opano.

With the literary and fashionable society, which occasionally met under Dr. Burney's roof, Frances can scarcely be said to have mingled. She was not a musician, and could therefore bear no part in the concerts. She was shy almost to awkwardness, and scarcely ever joined in the conversation. The slightest remark from a stranger disconcerted her ; and

even the old friends of her father who tried to draw her out could seldom extract more than a Yes or a No. Her figure was small, her face not distinguished by beauty. She was therefore suffered to withdraw quietly to the background, and, unobserved herself, to observe all that passed. Her nearest relations were aware that she had good sense, but seem not to have suspected that, under her demure and bashful deportment, were concealed a fertile invention and a keen sense of the ridiculous. She had not, it is true, an eye for the fine shades of character. But every marked peculiarity instantly 10 caught her notice and remained engraven on her imagination. Thus, while still a girl, she had laid up such a store of materials for fiction as few of those who mix much in the world are able to accumulate during a long life. She had watched and listened to people of every class, from princes and great officers of state down to artists living in garrets, and poets familiar with subterranean cookshops. Hundreds of remarkable persons had passed in review before her, English, French, German, Italian, lords and fiddlers, deans of cathedrals and managers of theatres, travellers leading about 20 newly caught savages, and singing women escorted by deputy husbands.

So strong was the impression made on the mind of Frances by the society which she was in the habit of seeing and hearing, that she began to write little fictitious narratives as soon as she could use her pen with ease, which, as we have said, was not very early. Her sisters were amused by her stories: but Dr. Burney knew nothing of their existence; and in another quarter her literary propensities met with serious discouragement. When she was fifteen, her father took a second wife. 30 The new Mrs. Burney soon found out that her step-daughter was fond of scribbling, and delivered several goodnatured lectures on the subject. The advice no doubt was well meant, and might have been given by the most judicious friend; for at that time, from causes to which we may hereafter advert, nothing could be more disadvantageous to a young lady than

to be known as a novel-writer. Frances yielded, relinquished her favourite pursuit, and made a bonfire of all her manuscripts.

She now hemmed and stitched from breakfast to dinner with scrupulous regularity. But the dinners of that time were early ; and the afternoon was her own. Though she had given up novel writing, she was still fond of using her pen. She began to keep a diary, and she corresponded largely with a person who seems to have had the chief share in the formation of her mind. This was Samuel Crisp, an old friend of her father. His name, well known, near a century ago, in the most splendid circles of London, has long been forgotten. His history is, however, so interesting and instructive, that it tempts us to venture on a digression.

Long before Frances Burney was born, Mr. Crisp had made his entrance into the world, with every advantage. He was well connected and well educated. His face and figure were conspicuously handsome ; his manners were polished ; his fortune was easy ; his character was without stain ; he lived 20 in the best society ; he had read much ; he talked well ; his taste in literature, music, painting, architecture, sculpture, was held in high esteem. Nothing that the world can give seemed to be wanting to his happiness and respectability, except that he should understand the limits of his powers, and should not throw away distinctions which were within his reach in the pursuit of distinctions which were unattainable.

“ It is an uncontrolled truth,” says Swift, “ that no man ever made an ill figure who understood his own talents, nor a 30 good one who mistook them.” Every day brings with it fresh illustrations of this weighty saying ; but the best commentary that we remember is the history of Samuel Crisp. Men like him have their proper place, and it is a most important one, in the Commonwealth of Letters. It is by the judgment of such men that the rank of authors is finally determined. It is neither to the multitude,

nor to the few who are gifted with great creative genius, that we are to look for sound critical decisions. The multitude, unacquainted with the best models, are captivated by whatever stuns and dazzles them. They deserted Mrs. Siddons to run after Master Betty ; and they now prefer, we have no doubt, Jack Sheppard to Van Artevelde. A man of great original genius, on the other hand, a man who has attained to mastery in some high walk of art, is by no means to be implicitly trusted as a judge of the performances of others. The erroneous decisions pronounced by such men are without 10 number. It is commonly supposed that jealousy makes them unjust. But a more creditable explanation may easily be found. The very excellence of a work shows that some of the faculties of the author have been developed at the expense of the rest ; for it is not given to the human intellect to expand itself widely in all directions at once, and to be at the same time gigantic and well proportioned. Whoever becomes pre-eminent in any art, nay, in any style of art, generally does so by devoting himself with intense and exclusive enthusiasm to the pursuit of one kind of excellence. His perception of 20 other kinds of excellence is therefore too often impaired. Out of his own department he praises and blames at random, and is far less to be trusted than the mere connoisseur, who produces nothing, and whose business is only to judge and enjoy. One painter is distinguished by his exquisite finishing. He toils day after day to bring the veins of a cabbage leaf, the folds of a lace veil, the wrinkles of an old woman's face, nearer and nearer to perfection. In the time which he employs on a square foot of canvas, a master of a different order covers the walls of a palace with gods burying giants under mountains, or 30 makes the cupola of a church alive with seraphim and martyrs. The more fervent the passion of each of these artists for his art, the higher the merit of each in his own line, the more unlikely it is that they will justly appreciate each other. Many persons who never handled a pencil probably do far more justice to Michael Angelo than would have been done by

Gerard Douw, and far more justice to Gerard Douw than would have been done by Michael Angelo.

It is the same with literature. Thousands, who have no spark of the genius of Dryden or Wordsworth, do to Dryden the justice which has never been done by Wordsworth, and to Wordsworth the justice which, we suspect, would never have been done by Dryden. Gray, Johnson, Richardson, Fielding are all highly esteemed by the great body of intelligent and well informed men. But Gray could see no merit in Rasselas ; 10 and Johnson could see no merit in the Bard. Fielding thought Richardson a solemn prig ; and Richardson perpetually expressed contempt and disgust for Fielding's lowness.

Mr. Crisp seems, as far as we can judge, to have been a man eminently qualified for the useful office of connoisseur. His talents and knowledge fitted him to appreciate justly almost every species of intellectual superiority. As an adviser he was inestimable. Nay, he might probably have held a respectable rank as a writer, if he would have confined himself to some department of literature in which nothing more than 20 sense, taste, and reading was required. Unhappily he set his heart on being a great poet, wrote a tragedy in five acts on the death of Virginia, and offered it to Garrick, who was his personal friend. Garrick read, shook his head, and expressed a doubt whether it would be wise in Mr. Crisp to stake a reputation, which stood high, on the success of such a piece. But the author, blinded by ambition, set in motion a machinery such as none could long resist. His intercessors were the most eloquent man and the most lovely woman of that generation. Pitt was induced to read Virginia, and to pronounce it excellent. Lady Coventry, with fingers which might have furnished a model to sculptors, forced the manuscript into the reluctant hand of the manager ; and, in the year 1754, the play was brought forward.

Nothing that skill or friendship could do was omitted. Garrick wrote both prologue and epilogue. The zealous friends of the author filled every box ; and, by their strenuous

exertions, the life of the play was prolonged during ten nights. But, though there was no clamorous reprobation, it was universally felt that the attempt had failed. When Virginia was printed, the public disappointment was even greater than at the representation. The critics, the Monthly Reviewers in particular, fell on plot, characters, and diction without mercy, but, we fear, not without justice. We have never met with a copy of the play ; but, if we may judge from the scene which is extracted in the Gentleman's Magazine, and which does not appear to have been malevolently selected, we should say that 10 nothing but the acting of Garrick, and the partiality of the audience, could have saved so feeble and unnatural a drama from instant damnation.

The ambition of the poet was still unsubdued. When the London season closed, he applied himself vigorously to the work of removing blemishes. He does not seem to have suspected, what we are strongly inclined to suspect, that the whole piece was one blemish, and that the passages which were meant to be fine, were, in truth, bursts of that tame extravagance into which writers fall, when they set themselves 20 to be sublime and pathetic in spite of nature. He omitted, added, retouched, and flattered himself with hopes of success in the following year ; but in the following year, Garrick showed no disposition to bring the amended tragedy on the stage. Solicitation and remonstrance were tried in vain. Lady Coventry, drooping under that malady which seems ever to select what is loveliest for its prey, could render no assistance. The manager's language was civilly evasive ; but his resolution was inflexible.

Crisp had committed a great error ; but he had escaped 30 with a very slight penance. His play had not been hooted from the boards. It had, on the contrary, been better received than many very estimable performances have been, than Johnson's Irene, for example, or Goldsmith's Goodnatured Man. Had Crisp been wise, he would have thought himself happy in having purchased self-knowledge so cheap. He

would have relinquished, without vain repinings, the hope of poetical distinction, and would have turned to the many sources of happiness which he still possessed. Had he been, on the other hand, an unfeeling and unblushing dunce, he would have gone on writing scores of bad tragedies in defiance of censure and derision. But he had too much sense to risk a second defeat, yet too little sense to bear his first defeat like a man. The fatal delusion that he was a great dramatist, had taken firm possession of his mind. His failure he attributed 10 to every cause except the true one. He complained of the ill will of Garrick, who appears to have done for the play every thing that ability and zeal could do, and who, from selfish motives, would, of course, have been well pleased if Virginia had been as successful as the Beggar's Opera. Nay, Crisp complained of the languor of the friends whose partiality had given him three benefit nights to which he had no claim. He complained of the injustice of the spectators, when, in truth, he ought to have been grateful for their unexampled patience. He lost his temper and spirits, and became a cynic 20 and a hater of mankind. From London he retired to Hampton, and from Hampton to a solitary and long deserted mansion, built on a common in one of the wildest tracts of Surrey. No road, not even a sheepwalk, connected his lonely dwelling with the abodes of men. The place of his retreat was strictly concealed from his old associates. In the spring he sometimes emerged, and was seen at exhibitions and concerts in London. But he soon disappeared, and hid himself, with no society but his books, in his dreary hermitage. He survived his failure about thirty years. A new generation sprang up around him. 30 No memory of his bad verses remained among men. His very name was forgotten. How completely the world had lost sight of him will appear from a single circumstance. We looked for him in a copious Dictionary of Dramatic Authors published while he was still alive, and we found only that Mr. Henry Crisp, of the Custom House, had written a play called *Virginia*, acted in 1754. To the last, however, the

unhappy man continued to brood over the injustice of the manager and the pit, and tried to convince himself and others that he had missed the highest literary honours, only because he had omitted some fine passages in compliance with Garrick's judgment. Alas, for human nature, that the wounds of vanity should smart and bleed so much longer than the wounds of affection ! Few people, we believe, whose nearest friends and relations died in 1754, had any acute feeling of the loss in 1782. Dear sisters, and favourite daughters, and brides snatched away before the honeymoon was passed, had been 10 forgotten, or were remembered only with a tranquil regret. But Samuel Crisp was still mourning for his tragedy, like Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted. "Never," such was his language twenty-eight years after his disaster, "never give up or alter a tittle unless it perfectly coincides with your own inward feelings. I can say this to my sorrow and my cost. But mum !" Soon after these words were written, his life, a life which might have been eminently useful and happy, ended in the same gloom in which, during more than a quarter of a century, it had been 20 passed. We have thought it worth while to rescue from oblivion this curious fragment of literary history. It seems to us at once ludicrous, melancholy, and full of instruction.

Crisp was an old and very intimate friend of the Burneys. To them alone was confided the name of the desolate old hall in which he hid himself like a wild beast in a den. For them were reserved such remains of his humanity as had survived the failure of his play. Frances Burney he regarded as his daughter. He called her his Fannikin ; and she in return called him her dear Daddy. In truth, he seems to 30 have done much more than her real parents for the development of her intellect ; for though he was a bad poet, he was a scholar, a thinker, and an excellent counsellor. He was particularly fond of the concerts in Poland Street. They had, indeed, been commenced at his suggestion, and when he visited London he constantly attended them. But when he

grew old, and when gout, brought on partly by mental irritation, confined him to his retreat, he was desirous of having a glimpse of that gay and brilliant world from which he was exiled, and he pressed Fannikin to send him full accounts of her father's evening parties. A few of her letters to him have been published ; and it is impossible to read them without discerning in them all the powers which afterwards produced Evelina and Cecilia, the quickness in catching every odd peculiarity of character and manner, the skill in grouping, 10 the humour, often richly comic, sometimes even farcical.

Fanny's propensity to novelwriting had for a time been kept down. It now rose up stronger than ever. The heroes and heroines of the tales which had perished in the flames were still present to the eye of her mind. One favourite story, in particular, haunted her imagination. It was about a certain Caroline Evelyn, a beautiful damsel who made an unfortunate love match, and died, leaving an infant daughter. Frances began to image to herself the various scenes, tragic and comic, through which the poor motherless girl, highly connected on 20 one side, meanly connected on the other, might have to pass. A crowd of unreal beings, good and bad, grave and ludicrous, surrounded the pretty, timid, young orphan ; a coarse sea captain ; an ugly insolent fop, blazing in a superb court dress ; another fop as ugly and as insolent, but lodged on Snow Hill, and tricked out in second-hand finery for the Hampstead ball ; an old woman, all wrinkles and rouge, flirting her fan with the air of a miss of seventeen, and screaming in a dialect made up of vulgar French and vulgar English ; a poet lean and ragged, with a broad Scotch accent. By 30 degrees these shadows acquired stronger and stronger consistence ; the impulse which urged Frances to write became irresistible ; and the result was the History of Evelina.

Then came, naturally enough, a wish, mingled with many fears, to appear before the public ; for, timid as Frances was, and bashful, and altogether unaccustomed to hear her own

praises, it is clear that she wanted neither a strong passion for distinction, nor a just confidence in her own powers. Her scheme was to become, if possible, a candidate for fame without running any risk of disgrace. She had not money to bear the expense of printing. It was therefore necessary that some bookseller should be induced to take the risk ; and such a bookseller was not readily found. Dodsley refused even to look at the manuscript unless he was intrusted with the name of the author. A publisher in Fleet Street, named Lowndes, was more complaisant. Some correspondence 10 took place between this person and Miss Burney, who took the name of Grafton, and desired that the letters addressed to her might be left at the Orange Coffeehouse. But, before the bargain was finally struck, Fanny thought it her duty to obtain her father's consent. She told him that she had written a book, that she wished to have his permission to publish it anonymously, but that she hoped that he would not insist upon seeing it. What followed may serve to illustrate what we meant when we said that Dr. Burney was as bad a father as so goodhearted a man could possibly be. It 20 never seems to have crossed his mind that Fanny was about to take a step on which the whole happiness of her life might depend, a step which might raise her to an honourable eminence, or cover her with ridicule and contempt. Several people had already been trusted, and strict concealment was therefore not to be expected. On so grave an occasion, it was surely his duty to give his best counsel to his daughter, to win her confidence, to prevent her from exposing herself if her book was a bad one, and, if it were a good one, to see that the terms which she made with the publisher were likely to be 30 beneficial to her. Instead of this, he only stared, burst out a-laughing, kissed her, gave her leave to do as she liked, and never even asked the name of her work. The contract with Lowndes was speedily concluded. Twenty pounds were given for the copyright, and were accepted by Fanny with delight. Her father's inexcusable neglect of his duty happily

caused her no worse evil than the loss of twelve or fifteen hundred pounds.

After many delays *Evelina* appeared in January, 1778. Poor Fanny was sick with terror, and durst hardly stir out of doors. Some days passed before any thing was heard of the book. It had, indeed, nothing but its own merits to push it into public favour. Its author was *unknown*. The house by which it was published, was not, we believe, held in high estimation. No body of partisans had been engaged to 10 applaud. The better class of readers expected little from a novel about a young lady's entrance into the world. There was, indeed, at that time a disposition among the most respectable people to condemn novels generally: nor was this disposition by any means without excuse; for works of that sort were then almost always silly, and very frequently wicked.

Soon, however, the first faint accents of praise began to be heard. The keepers of the circulating libraries reported that every body was asking for *Evelina*, and that some person had 20 guessed Anstey to be the author. Then came a favourable notice in the *London Review*; then another still more favourable in the *Monthly*. And now the book found its way to tables which had seldom been polluted by marble covered volumes. Scholars and statesmen, who contemptuously abandoned the crowd of romances to Miss Lydia Languish and Miss Sukey Saunter, were not ashamed to own that they could not tear themselves away from *Evelina*. Fine carriages and rich liveries, not often seen east of Temple Bar, were attracted to the publisher's shop in Fleet Street. Lowndes 30 was daily questioned about the author, but was himself as much in the dark as any of his questioners. The mystery, however, could not remain a mystery long. It was known to brothers and sisters, aunts and cousins: and they were far too proud and too happy to be discreet. Dr. Burney wept over the book in rapture. Daddy Crisp shook his fist at his Fannikin in affectionate anger at not having been admitted to

her confidence. The truth was whispered to Mrs. Thrale; and then it began to spread fast.

The book had been admired while it was ascribed to men of letters long conversant with the world, and accustomed to composition. But when it was known that a reserved, silent young woman had produced the best work of fiction that had appeared since the death of Smollett, the acclamations were redoubled. What she had done was, indeed, extraordinary. But, as usual, various reports improved the story till it became miraculous. *Evelina*, it was said, was the work of a girl of 10 seventeen. Incredible as the tale was, it continued to be repeated down to our own time. Frances was too honest to confirm it. Probably she was too much a woman to contradict it, and it was long before any of her detractors thought of this mode of annoyance. Yet there was no want of low minds and bad hearts in the generation which witnessed her first appearance. There was the envious Kenrick and the savage Wolcot, the asp George Steevens, and the polecat John Williams. It did not, however, occur to them to search the parish register of Lynn, in order that they might be able 20 to twit a lady with having concealed her age. That truly chivalrous exploit was reserved for a bad writer of our own time, whose spite she had provoked by not furnishing him with materials for a worthless edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson, some sheets of which our readers have doubtless seen round parcels of better books.

But we must return to our story. The triumph was complete. The timid and obscure girl found herself on the highest pinnacle of fame. Great men, on whom she had gazed at a distance with humble reverence, addressed her with 30 admiration, tempered by the tenderness due to her sex and age. Burke, Windham, Gibbon, Reynolds, Sheridan, were among her most ardent eulogists. Cumberland acknowledged her merit, after his fashion, by biting his lips and wriggling in his chair whenever her name was mentioned. But it was at Streatham that she tasted, in the highest perfection, the

sweets of flattery, mingled with the sweets of friendship. Mrs. Thrale, then at the height of prosperity and popularity, with gay spirits, quick wit, showy though superficial acquirements, pleasing though not refined manners, a singularly amiable temper, and a loving heart, felt towards Fanny as towards a younger sister. With the Thrales Johnson was domesticated. He was an old friend of Dr. Burney; but he had probably taken little notice of Dr. Burney's daughters; and Fanny, we imagine, had never in her life dared to speak 10 to him, unless to ask whether he wanted a nineteenth or a twentieth cup of tea. He was charmed by her tale, and preferred it to the novels of Fielding, to whom, indeed, he had always been grossly unjust. He did not, indeed, carry his partiality so far as to place Evelina by the side of Clarissa and Sir Charles Grandison; yet he said that his little favourite had done enough to have made even Richardson feel uneasy. With Johnson's cordial approbation of the book was mingled a fondness, half gallant, half paternal, for the writer; and this fondness his age and character entitled him to show without 20 restraint. He began by putting her hand to his lips. But he soon clasped her in his huge arms, and implored her to be a good girl. She was his pet, his dear love, his dear little Burney, his little character-monger. At one time, he broke forth in praise of the good taste of her caps. At another time he insisted on teaching her Latin. That, with all his coarseness and irritability, he was a man of sterling benevolence, has long been acknowledged. But how gentle and endearing his deportment could be, was not known till the Recollections of Madame D'Arblay were published.

30 We have mentioned a few of the most eminent of those who paid their homage to the author of *Evelina*. The crowd of inferior admirers would require a catalogue as long as that in the second book of the *Iliad*. In that catalogue would be Mrs. Cholmondeley, the sayer of odd things, and Seward, much given to yawning, and Baretti, who slew the man in the Hay-market, and Paoli, talking broken English, and Langton,

taller by the head than any other member of the club, and Lady Millar, who kept a vase wherein fools were wont to put bad verses, and Jerningham, who wrote verses fit to be put into the vase of Lady Millar, and Dr. Franklin, not, as some have dreamed, the great Pennsylvanian Dr. Franklin, who could not then have paid his respects to Miss Burney without much risk of being hanged, drawn, and quartered, but Dr. Franklin the less,

Alas

*μείων, οὕτι τόσος γε ὅσος Τελαμώνιος Αλας,
δλλὰ πολὺ μείων.*

10

It would not have been surprising if such success had turned even a strong head, and corrupted even a generous and affectionate nature. But, in the Diary, we can find no trace of any feeling inconsistent with a truly modest and amiable disposition. There is, indeed, abundant proof that Frances enjoyed with an intense, though a troubled, joy, the honours which her genius had won ; but it is equally clear that her happiness sprang from the happiness of her father, her sister, and her dear Daddy Crisp. While flattered by the great, the 20 opulent, and the learned, while followed along the Steyne at Brighton, and the Pantiles at Tunbridge Wells, by the gaze of admiring crowds, her heart seems to have been still with the little domestic circle in Saint Martin's Street. If she recorded with minute diligence all the compliments, delicate and coarse, which she heard wherever she turned, she recorded them for the eyes of two or three persons who had loved her from infancy, who had loved her in obscurity, and to whom her fame gave the purest and most exquisite delight. Nothing can be more unjust than to confound these outpourings of a 30 kind heart, sure of perfect sympathy, with the egotism of a bluestocking, who prates to all who come near her about her own novel or her own volume of sonnets.

It was natural that the triumphant issue of Miss Burney's first venture should tempt her to try a second. Evelina, though it had raised her fame, had added nothing to her

fortune. Some of her friends urged her to write for the stage. Johnson promised to give her his advice as to the composition. Murphy, who was supposed to understand the temper of the pit as well as any man of his time, undertook to instruct her as to stage effect. Sheridan declared that he would accept a play from her without even reading it. Thus encouraged, she wrote a comedy named *The Witlings*. Fortunately it was never acted or printed. We can, we think, easily perceive, from the little which is said on the subject in the Diary, that

10 The *Witlings* would have been damned, and that Murphy and Sheridan thought so, though they were too polite to say so. Happily Frances had a friend who was not afraid to give her pain. Crisp, wiser for her than he had been for himself, read the manuscript in his lonely retreat, and manfully told her that she had failed, that to remove blemishes here and there would be useless, that the piece had abundance of wit but no interest, that it was bad as a whole, that it would remind every reader of the *Femmes Savantes*, which, strange to say, she had never read, and that she could not sustain so close a

20 comparison with Molière. This opinion, in which Dr. Burney concurred, was sent to Frances, in what she called "a hissing, groaning, catcalling epistle." But she had too much sense not to know that it was better to be hissed and catcalled by her Daddy, than by a whole sea of heads in the pit of Drury Lane Theatre; and she had too good a heart not to be grateful for so rare an act of friendship. She returned an answer, which shows how well she deserved to have a judicious, faithful, and affectionate adviser. "I intend," she wrote, "to console myself for your censure by this greatest proof I have

30 ever received of the sincerity, candour, and, let me add, esteem, of my dear daddy. And as I happen to love myself more than my play, this consolation is not a very trifling one. This, however, seriously I do believe, that when my two daddies put their heads together to concert that hissing, groaning, catcalling epistle they sent me, they felt as sorry for poor little Miss Bayes as she could possibly do for herself.

You see I do not attempt to repay your frankness with an air of pretended carelessness. But, though somewhat disconcerted just now, I will promise not to let my vexation live out another day. Adieu, my dear daddy, I won't be mortified, and I won't be *downed*; but I will be proud to find I have, out of my own family, as well as in it, a friend who loves me well enough to speak plain truth to me."

Frances now turned from her dramatic schemes to an undertaking far better suited to her talents. She determined to write a new tale, on a plan excellently contrived for the 10 display of the powers in which her superiority to other writers lay. It was in truth a grand and various picture gallery, which presented to the eye a long series of men and women, each marked by some strong peculiar feature. There were avarice and prodigality, the pride of blood, and the pride of money, morbid restlessness and morbid apathy, frivolous garrulity, supercilious silence, a Democritus to laugh at every thing, and a Heraclitus to lament over every thing. The work proceeded fast, and in twelve months was completed. It wanted something of the simplicity which had been among 20 the most attractive charms of Evelina; but it furnished ample proof that the four years that had elapsed since Evelina appeared, had not been unprofitably spent. Those who saw Cecilia in manuscript pronounced it the best novel of the age. Mrs. Thrale laughed and wept over it. Crisp was even vehement in applause, and offered to insure the rapid and complete success of the book for half a crown. What Miss Burney received for the copyright is not mentioned in the Diary; but we have observed several expressions from which we infer that the sum was considerable. That the sale would 30 be great nobody could doubt; and Frances now had shrewd and experienced advisers, who would not suffer her to wrong herself. We have been told that the publishers gave her two thousand pounds, and we have no doubt that they might have given a still larger sum without being losers.

Cecilia was published in the summer of 1782. The curiosity

of the town was intense. We have been informed by persons who remember those days that no romance of Sir Walter Scott was more impatiently awaited or more eagerly snatched from the counters of the booksellers. High as public expectation was, it was amply satisfied ; and *Cecilia* was placed, by general acclamation, among the classical novels of England.

Miss Burney was now thirty. Her youth had been singularly prosperous ; but clouds soon began to gather over that clear and radiant dawn. Events deeply painful to a heart so 10 kind as that of Frances followed each other in rapid succession. She was first called upon to attend the deathbed of her best friend, Samuel Crisp. When she returned to Saint Martin's Street, after performing this melancholy duty, she was appalled by hearing that Johnson had been struck with paralysis ; and, not many months later, she parted from him for the last time with solemn tenderness. He wished to look on her once more ; and on the day before his death she long remained in tears on the stairs leading to his bedroom, in the hope that she might be called in to receive his blessing. He 20 was then sinking fast, and though he sent her an affectionate message, was unable to see her. But this was not the worst. There are separations far more cruel than those which are made by death. She might weep with proud affection for Crisp and Johnson. She had to blush as well as to weep for Mrs. Thrale.

Life, however, still smiled upon Frances. Domestic happiness, friendship, independence, leisure, letters, all these things were hers ; and she flung them all away.

Among the distinguished persons to whom she had been 30 introduced, none appears to have stood higher in her regard than Mrs. Delany. This lady was an interesting and venerable relic of a past age. She was the niece of George Granville, Lord Lansdowne, who, in his youth, exchanged verses and compliments with Edmund Waller, and who was among the first to applaud the opening genius of Pope. She had married Dr. Delany, a man known to his contemporaries as a profound

scholar and an eloquent preacher, but remembered in our time chiefly as one of that small circle in which the fierce spirit of Swift, tortured by disappointed ambition, by remorse, and by the approaches of madness, sought for amusement and repose. Doctor Delany had long been dead. His widow, nobly descended, eminently accomplished, and retaining, in spite of the infirmities of advanced age, the vigour of her faculties and the serenity of her temper, enjoyed and deserved the favour of the royal family. She had a pension of three hundred a year; and a house at Windsor, belonging to the crown, had been 10 fitted up for her accommodation. At this house the King and Queen sometimes called, and found a very natural pleasure in thus catching an occasional glimpse of the private life of English families.

In December, 1785, Miss Burney was on a visit to Mrs. Delany at Windsor. The dinner was over. The old lady was taking a nap. Her grandniece, a little girl of seven, was playing at some Christmas game with the visitors, when the door opened, and a stout gentleman entered unannounced, with a star on his breast, and "What? what? what?" in 20 his mouth. A cry of "The King!" was set up. A general scampering followed. Miss Burney owns that she could not have been more terrified if she had seen a ghost. But Mrs. Delany came forward to pay her duty to her royal friend, and the disturbance was quieted. Frances was then presented, and underwent a long examination and cross-examination about all that she had written and all that she meant to write. The Queen soon made her appearance, and his Majesty repeated, for the benefit of his consort, the information which he had extracted from Miss Burney. The goodnature of the 30 royal pair might have softened even the authors of the Probationary Odes, and could not but be delightful to a young lady who had been brought up a Tory. In a few days the visit was repeated. Miss Burney was more at ease than before. His Majesty, instead of seeking for information, condescended to impart it, and passed sentence on many great writers,

English and foreign. Voltaire he pronounced a monster. Rousseau he liked rather better. "But was there ever," he cried, "such stuff as great part of Shakspeare? Only one must not say so. But what think you? What? Is there not sad stuff? What? What?"

The next day Frances enjoyed the privilege of listening to some equally valuable criticism uttered by the Queen touching Goethe and Klopstock, and might have learned an important lesson of economy from the mode in which her Majesty's library had been formed. "I picked the book up on a stall," said the Queen. "Oh, it is amazing what good books there are on stalls!" Mrs. Delany, who seems to have understood from these words that her Majesty was in the habit of exploring the booths of Moorfields and Holywell Street in person, could not suppress an exclamation of surprise. "Why," said the Queen, "I don't pick them up myself. But I have a servant very clever; and, if they are not to be had at the booksellers, they are not for me more than for another." Miss Burney describes this conversation as delightful; and, indeed we cannot wonder that, with her literary tastes, she should be delighted at hearing in how magnificent a manner the greatest lady in the land encouraged literature.

The truth is, that Frances was fascinated by the condescending kindness of the two great personages to whom she had been presented. Her father was even more infatuated than herself. The result was a step of which we cannot think with patience, but which, recorded as it is, with all its consequences, in these volumes, deserves at least this praise, that it has furnished a most impressive warning.

A German lady of the name of Haggerdorn, one of the Keepers of the Queen's robes, retired about this time; and her Majesty offered the vacant post to Miss Burney. When we consider that Miss Burney was decidedly the most popular writer of fictitious narrative then living, that competence, if not opulence, was within her reach, and that she was more than usually happy in her domestic circle, and when we

compare the sacrifice which she was invited to make with the remuneration which was held out to her, we are divided between laughter and indignation.

What was demanded of her was that she should consent to be almost as completely separated from her family and friends as if she had gone to Calcutta, and almost as close a prisoner as if she had been sent to gaol for a libel; that with talents which had instructed and delighted the highest living minds, she should now be employed only in mixing snuff and sticking pins; that she should be summoned by a waiting woman's 10 bell to a waiting woman's duties; that she should pass her whole life under the restraints of a paltry etiquette, should sometimes fast till she was ready to swoon with hunger, should sometimes stand till her knees gave way with fatigue; that she should not dare to speak or move without considering how her mistress might like her words and gestures. Instead of those distinguished men and women, the flower of all political parties, with whom she had been in the habit of mixing on terms of equal friendship, she was to have for her perpetual companion the chief Keeper of the robes, an old hag 20 from Germany, of mean understanding, of insolent manners, and of temper which, naturally savage, had now been exasperated by disease. Now and then, indeed, poor Frances might console herself for the loss of Burke's and Windham's society, by joining in the "celestial colloquy sublime" of his Majesty's Equerries.

And what was the consideration for which she was to sell herself to this slavery? A peerage in her own right? A pension of two thousand a year for life? A seventy-four for her brother in the navy? A deanery for her brother in the 30 church? Not so. The price at which she was valued was her board, her lodging, the attendance of a man-servant, and two hundred pounds a year.

The man who, even when hard pressed by hunger, sells his birthright for a mess of pottage, is unwise. But what shall we say of him who parts with his birthright, and does not get even

the pottage in return ? It is not necessary to inquire whether opulence be an adequate compensation for the sacrifice of bodily and mental freedom ; for Frances Burney paid for leave to be a prisoner and a menial. It was evidently understood as one of the terms of her engagement, that, while she was a member of the royal household, she was not to appear before the public as an author : and, even had there been no such understanding, her avocations were such as left her no leisure for any considerable intellectual effort. That her place was
10 incompatible with her literary pursuits was indeed frankly acknowledged by the King when she resigned. "She has given up," he said, "five years of her pen." That during those five years she might, without painful exertion, without any exertion that would not have been a pleasure, have earned enough to buy an annuity for life much larger than the precarious salary which she received at court, is quite certain. The same income, too, which in Saint Martin's Street would have afforded her every comfort, must have been found scanty at Saint James's. We cannot venture to speak confidently
20 of the price of millinery and jewellery ; but we are greatly deceived if a lady, who had to attend Queen Charlotte on many public occasions, could possibly save a farthing out of a salary of two hundred a year. The principle of the arrangement was, in short, simply this, that Frances Burney should become a slave, and should be rewarded by being made a beggar.

With what object their Majesties brought her to their palace, we must own ourselves unable to conceive. Their object could not be to encourage her literary exertions ; for
30 they took her from a situation in which it was almost certain that she would write, and put her into a situation in which it was impossible for her to write. Their object could not be to promote her pecuniary interest ; for they took her from a situation where she was likely to become rich, and put her into a situation in which she could not but continue poor. Their object could not be to obtain an eminently useful

waiting maid ; for it is clear that, though Miss Burney was the only woman of her time who could have described the death of Harrel, thousands might have been found more expert in tying ribands and filling snuff boxes. To grant her a pension on the civil list would have been an act of judicious liberality, honourable to the court. If this was impracticable, the next best thing was to let her alone. That the King and Queen meant her nothing but kindness, we do not in the least doubt. But their kindness was the kindness of persons raised high above the mass of mankind, accustomed to be addressed 10 with profound deference, accustomed to see all who approach them mortified by their coldness and elated by their smiles. They fancied that to be noticed by them, to be near them, to serve them, was in itself a kind of happiness ; and that Frances Burney ought to be full of gratitude for being permitted to purchase, by the surrender of health, wealth, freedom, domestic affection, and literary fame, the privilege of standing behind a royal chair, and holding a pair of royal gloves.

And who can blame them ? Who can wonder that princes 20 should be under such a delusion, when they are encouraged in it by the very persons who suffer from it most cruelly ? Was it to be expected that George the Third and Queen Charlotte should understand the interest of Frances Burney better, or promote it with more zeal, than herself and her father ? No deception was practised. The conditions of the house of bondage were set forth with all simplicity. The hook was presented without a bait ; the net was spread in sight of the bird ; and the naked hook was greedily swallowed ; and the silly bird made haste to entangle herself in the net. 30

It is not strange indeed that an invitation to court should have caused a fluttering in the bosom of an inexperienced young woman. But it was the duty of the parent to watch over the child, and to show her that on one side were only infantile vanities and chimerical hopes, on the other liberty, peace of mind, affluence, social enjoyments, honourable

- distinctions. Strange to say, the only hesitation was on the part of Frances. Dr. Burney was transported out of himself with delight. Not such are the raptures of a Circassian father who has sold his pretty daughter well to a Turkish slave-merchant. Yet Dr. Burney was an amiable man, a man of good abilities, a man who had seen much of the world. But he seems to have thought that going to court was like going to heaven, that to see princes and princesses was a kind of beatific vision ; that the exquisite felicity enjoyed by royal
10 persons was not confined to themselves, but was communicated by some mysterious efflux or reflection to all who were suffered to stand at their toilettes, or to bear their trains. He overruled all his daughter's objections, and himself escorted her to her prison. The door closed. The key was turned. She, looking back with tender regret on all that she had left, and forward with anxiety and terror to the new life on which she was entering, was unable to speak or stand ; and he went on his way home rejoicing in her marvellous prosperity.
- 20 And now began a slavery of five years, of five years taken from the best part of life, and wasted in menial drudgery or in recreations duller than even menial drudgery, under galling restraints and amidst unfriendly or uninteresting companions. The history of an ordinary day was this. Miss Burney had to rise and dress herself early, that she might be ready to answer the royal bell, which rang at half after seven. Till about eight she attended in the Queen's dressing room, and had the honour of lacing her august mistress's stays, and of putting on the hoop, gown, and neckhandkerchief. The
30 morning was chiefly spent in rummaging drawers and laying fine clothes in their proper places. Then the Queen was to be powdered and dressed for the day. Twice a week her Majesty's hair was curled and craped ; and this operation appears to have added a full hour to the business of the toilette. It was generally three before Miss Burney was at liberty. Then she had two hours at her own disposal. To

these hours we owe great part of her Diary. At five she had to attend her colleague, Madame Schwellenberg, a hateful old toadeater, as illiterate as a chambermaid, as proud as a whole German Chapter, rude, peevish, unable to bear solitude, unable to conduct herself with common decency in society. With this delightful associate, Frances Burney had to dine, and pass the evening. The pair generally remained together from five to eleven, and often had no other company the whole time, except during the hour from eight to nine, when the equerries came to tea. If poor Frances attempted to escape 10 to her own apartment, and to forget her wretchedness over a book, the execrable old woman railed and stormed, and complained that she was neglected. Yet, when Frances stayed, she was constantly assailed with insolent reproaches. Literary fame was, in the eyes of the German crone, a blemish, a proof that the person who enjoyed it was meanly born, and out of the pale of good society. All her scanty stock of broken English was employed to express the contempt with which she regarded the author of *Evelina* and *Cecilia*. Frances detested cards, and indeed knew nothing about them; but 20 she soon found that the least miserable way of passing an evening with Madame Schwellenberg was at the card-table, and consented, with patient sadness, to give hours, which might have called forth the laughter and the tears of many generations, to the king of clubs and the knave of spades. Between eleven and twelve the bell rang again. Miss Burney had to pass twenty minutes or half an hour in undressing the Queen, and was then at liberty to retire, and to dream that she was chatting with her brother by the quiet hearth in Saint Martin's Street, that she was the centre of an admiring assemblage at 30 Mrs. Crewe's, that Burke was calling her the first woman of the age, or that Dilly was giving her a cheque for two thousand guineas.

Men, we must suppose, are less patient than women; for we are utterly at a loss to conceive how any human being could endure such a life, while there remained a vacant garret

in Grub Street, a crossing in want of a sweeper, a parish workhouse, or a parish vault. And it was for such a life that Frances Burney had given up liberty and peace, a happy fireside, attached friends, a wide and splendid circle of acquaintance, intellectual pursuits in which she was qualified to excel, and the sure hope of what to her would have been affluence.

There is nothing new under the sun. The last great master of Attic eloquence and Attic wit has left us a forcible and 10 touching description of the misery of a man of letters, who, lured by hopes similar to those of Frances, had entered the service of one of the magnates of Rome. "Unhappy that I am," cries the victim of his own childish ambition: "would nothing content me but that I must leave mine own pursuits and mine own companions, and the life which was without care, and the sleep which had no limit save mine own pleasure, and the walks which I was free to take where I listed, and fling myself into the lowest pit of a dungeon like this? And, O God! for what? Was there no way by which I might have 20 enjoyed in freedom comforts even greater than those which I now earn by servitude? Like a lion which has been made so tame that men may lead him about by a thread, I am dragged up and down, with broken and humbled spirit, at the heels of those to whom, in mine own domain, I should have been an object of awe and wonder. And, worst of all, I feel that here I gain no credit, that here I give no pleasure. The talents and accomplishments, which charmed a far different circle, are here out of place. I am rude in the arts of palaces, and can ill bear comparison with those whose calling, from 30 their youth up, has been to flatter and to sue. Have I, then, two lives, that, after I have wasted one in the service of others, there may yet remain to me a second, which I may live unto myself?"

Now and then, indeed, events occurred which disturbed the wretched monotony of Frances Burney's life. The court moved from Kew to Windsor, and from Windsor back to Kew.

One dull colonel went out of waiting, and another dull colonel came into waiting. An impertinent servant made a blunder about tea, and caused a misunderstanding between the gentlemen and the ladies. A half-witted French Protestant minister talked oddly about conjugal fidelity. An unlucky member of the household mentioned a passage in the Morning Herald, reflecting on the Queen; and forthwith Madame Schwellenberg began to storm in bad English, and told him that he made her "what you call perspire!"

A more important occurrence was the King's visit to Oxford. 10 Miss Burney went in the royal train to Nuneham, was utterly neglected there in the crowd, and could with difficulty find a servant to show the way to her bedroom, or a hairdresser to arrange her curls. She had the honour of entering Oxford in the last of a long string of carriages which formed the royal procession, of walking after the Queen all day through refectories and chapels, and of standing, half dead with fatigue and hunger, while her august mistress was seated at an excellent cold collation. At Magdalen College, Frances was left for a moment in a parlour, where she sank down on a chair. 20 A goodnatured equerry saw that she was exhausted, and shared with her some apricots and bread, which he had wisely put into his pockets. At that moment the door opened; the Queen entered; the wearied attendants sprang up; the bread and fruit were hastily concealed. "I found," says poor Miss Burney, "that our appetites were to be supposed annihilated, at the same moment that our strength was to be invincible."

Yet Oxford, seen even under such disadvantages, "revived in her," to use her own words, "a consciousness to pleasure which had long lain nearly dormant." She forgot, during 30 one moment, that she was a waiting maid, and felt as a woman of true genius might be expected to feel amidst venerable remains of antiquity, beautiful works of art, vast repositories of knowledge, and memorials of the illustrious dead. Had she still been what she was before her father induced her to take the most fatal step of her life, we can easily imagine what

pleasure she would have derived from a visit to the noblest of English cities. She might, indeed, have been forced to travel in a hack chaise, and might not have worn so fine a gown of Chambery gauze as that in which she tottered after the royal party; but with what delight would she have then paced the cloisters of Magdalen, compared the antique gloom of Merton with the splendour of Christ Church, and looked down from the dome of the Radcliffe Library on the magnificent sea of turrets and battlements below! How gladly would 10 learned men have laid aside for a few hours Pindar's Odes and Aristotle's Ethics, to escort the author of *Cecilia* from college to college! What neat little banquets would she have found set out in their monastic cells! With what eagerness would pictures, medals, and illuminated missals have been brought forth from the most mysterious cabinets for her amusement! How much she would have had to hear and to tell about Johnson, as she walked over Pembroke, and about Reynolds, in the ante-chapel of New College! But these indulgences were not for one who had sold herself into bondage.

20 About eighteen months after the visit to Oxford, another event diversified the wearisome life which Frances led at court. Warren Hastings was brought to the bar of the House of Peers. The Queen and Princesses were present when the trial commenced, and Miss Burney was permitted to attend. During the subsequent proceedings a day rule for the same purpose was occasionally granted to her; for the Queen took the strongest interest in the trial, and, when she could not go herself to Westminster Hall, liked to receive a report of what had passed from a person who had singular powers of observation, and who was, moreover, acquainted with some of the most distinguished managers. The portion of the Diary which relates to this celebrated proceeding is lively and picturesque. Yet we read it, we own, with pain; for it seems to us to prove that the fine understanding of Frances Burney was beginning to feel the pernicious influence of a mode of life which is as incompatible with health of mind as the air of 30

the Pomptine marshes with health of body. From the first day she espouses the cause of Hastings with a presumptuous vehemence and acrimony quite inconsistent with the modesty and suavity of her ordinary deportment. She shudders when Burke enters the Hall at the head of the Commons. She pronounces him the cruel oppressor of an innocent man. She is at a loss to conceive how the managers can look at the defendant, and not blush. Windham comes to her from the manager's box, to offer her refreshment. "But," says she, "I could not break bread with him." Then, again, she 10 exclaims, "Ah, Mr. Windham, how came you ever engaged in so cruel, so unjust a cause?" "Mr. Burke saw me," she says, "and he bowed with the most marked civility of manner." This, be it observed, was just after his opening speech, a speech which had produced a mighty effect, and which, certainly, no other orator that ever lived could have made. "My curtsy," she continues, "was the most ungrateful, distant, and cold; I could not do otherwise; so hurt I felt to see him the head of such a cause." Now, not only had Burke treated her with constant kindness, but the very last act 20 which he performed on the day on which he was turned out of the Pay Office, about four years before this trial, was to make Doctor Burney organist of Chelsea Hospital. When, at the Westminster election, Doctor Burney was divided between his gratitude for this favour and his Tory opinions, Burke in the noblest manner disclaimed all right to exact a sacrifice of principle. "You have little or no obligations to me," he wrote; "but if you had as many as I really wish it were in my power, as it is certainly in my desire, to lay on you, I hope you do not think me capable of conferring 30 them, in order to subject your mind or your affairs to a painful and mischievous servitude." Was this a man to be uncivilly treated by a daughter of Doctor Burney, because she chose to differ from him respecting a vast and most complicated question, which he had studied deeply during many years, and which she had never studied at all?

It is clear, from Miss Burney's own narrative, that, when she behaved so unkindly to Mr. Burke she did not even know of what Hastings was accused. One thing, however, she must have known, that Burke had been able to convince a House of Commons, bitterly prejudiced against himself, that the charges were well founded, and that Pitt and Dundas had concurred with Fox and Sheridan in supporting the impeachment. Surely a woman of far inferior abilities to Miss Burney might have been expected to see that this never could have 10 happened unless there had been a strong case against the late Governor-General. And there was, as all reasonable men now admit, a strong case against him. That there were great public services to be set off against his great crimes is perfectly true. But his services and his crimes were equally unknown to the lady who so confidently asserted his perfect innocence, and imputed to his accusers, that is to say, to all the greatest men of all parties in the state, not merely error, but gross injustice and barbarity.

She had, it is true, occasionally seen Mr. Hastings, and had 20 found his manners and conversation agreeable. But surely she could not be so weak as to infer from the gentleness of his deportment in a drawing-room, that he was incapable of committing a great state crime, under the influence of ambition and revenge. A silly Miss, fresh from a boarding school, might fall into such a mistake; but the woman who had drawn the character of Mr. Monckton should have known better.

The truth is that she had been too long at Court. She was sinking into a slavery worse than that of the body. The iron 30 was beginning to enter into the soul. Accustomed during many months to watch the eye of a mistress, to receive with boundless gratitude the slightest mark of royal condescension, to feel wretched at every symptom of royal displeasure, to associate only with spirits long tamed and broken in, she was degenerating into something fit for her place. Queen Charlotte was a violent partisan of Hastings, had received presents from

him, and had so far departed from the severity of her virtue as to lend her countenance to his wife, whose conduct had been as reprehensible as that of any of the frail beauties who were then rigidly excluded from the English Court. The King, it was well known, took the same side. To the King and Queen all the members of the Household looked submissively for guidance. The impeachment, therefore, was an atrocious persecution ; the managers were rascals ; the defendant was the most deserving and the worst used man in the kingdom. This was the cant of the whole palace, from 10 Gold Stick in Waiting, down to the Table-Deckers and Yeomen of the Silver Scullery ; and Miss Burney canted like the rest, though in livelier tones, and with less bitter feelings.

The account which she has given of the King's illness contains much excellent narrative and description, and will, we think, be as much valued by the historians of a future age as any equal portion of Pepys' or Evelyn's Diaries. That account shows also how affectionate and compassionate her nature was. But it shows also, we must say, that her way of life was rapidly impairing her powers of reasoning and her 20 sense of justice. We do not mean to discuss, in this place, the question, whether the views of Mr. Pitt or those of Mr. Fox respecting the regency were the more correct. It is, indeed, quite needless to discuss that question : for the censure of Miss Burney falls alike on Pitt and Fox, on majority and minority. She is angry with the House of Commons for presuming to inquire whether the King was mad or not, and whether there was a chance of his recovering his senses. "A melancholy day," she writes, "news bad both at home and abroad. At home the dear unhappy king still worse ; abroad new examinations voted of the physicians. Good heavens ! what an insult does this seem from Parliamentary power, to investigate and bring forth to the world every circumstance of such a malady as is ever held sacred to secrecy in the most private families. How indignant we all feel here, no words can say." It is proper to observe, that the motion which roused all this 30

indignation at Kew was made by Mr. Pitt himself. We see, therefore, that the loyalty of the minister, who was then generally regarded as the most heroic champion of his Prince, was lukewarm indeed when compared with the boiling zeal which filled the pages of the backstairs and the women of the bedchamber. Of the Regency Bill, Pitt's own Bill, Miss Burney speaks with horror. "I shuddered," she says, "to hear it named." And again, "Oh, how dreadful will be the day when that unhappy bill takes place! I cannot approve
10 the plan of it." The truth is that Mr. Pitt, whether a wise and upright statesman or not, was a statesman; and whatever motives he might have for imposing restrictions on the regent, felt that in some way or other there must be some provision made for the execution of some part of the kingly office, or that no government would be left in the country. But this was a matter of which the Household never thought. It never occurred, as far as we can see, to the Exons and Keepers of the Robes, that it was necessary that there should be somewhere or other a power in the state to pass laws, to
20 preserve order, to pardon criminals, to fill up offices, to negotiate with foreign governments, to command the army and navy. Nay, these enlightened politicians, and Miss Burney among the rest, seem to have thought that any person who considered the subject with reference to the public interest, showed himself to be a bad-hearted man. Nobody wonders at this in a gentleman usher: but it is melancholy to see genius sinking into such debasement.

During more than two years after the King's recovery, Frances dragged on a miserable existence at the palace.
30 The consolations, which had for a time mitigated the wretchedness of servitude, were one by one withdrawn. Mrs. Delany, whose society had been a great resource when the Court was at Windsor, was now dead. One of the gentlemen of the royal establishment, Colonel Digby, appears to have been a man of sense, of taste, of some reading, and of prepossessing manners. Agreeable associates were scarce in the prison

house, and he and Miss Burney therefore naturally became attached to each other. She owns that she valued him as a friend ; and it would not have been strange if his attentions had led her to entertain for him a sentiment warmer than friendship. He quitted the Court, and married in a way which astonished Miss Burney greatly, and which evidently wounded her feelings, and lowered him in her esteem. The palace grew duller and duller ; Madame Schwellenberg became more and more savage and insolent ; and now the health of poor Frances began to give way ; and all who saw ¹⁰ her pale face, her emaciated figure, and her feeble walk, predicted that her sufferings would soon be over.

Frances uniformly speaks of her royal mistress, and of the princesses, with respect and affection. The princesses seem to have well deserved all the praise which she bestowed on them in the Diary. They were, we doubt not, most amiable women. But “the sweet queen,” as she is constantly called in these volumes, is not by any means an object of admiration to us. She had undoubtedly sense enough to know what kind of deportment suited her high station, and self-command ²⁰ enough to maintain that deportment invariably. She was, in her intercourse with Miss Burney, generally gracious and affable, sometimes, when displeased, cold and reserved, but never, under any circumstances, rude, peevish, or violent. She knew how to dispense, gracefully and skilfully, those little civilities which, when paid by a sovereign, are prized at many times their intrinsic value ; how to pay a compliment ; how to lend a book ; how to ask after a relation. But she seems to have been utterly regardless of the comfort, the health, the life of her attendants, when her own convenience ³⁰ was concerned. Weak, feverish, hardly able to stand, Frances had still to rise before seven, in order to dress the sweet Queen, and to sit up till midnight in order to undress the sweet Queen. The indisposition of the handmaid could not, and did not, escape the notice of her royal mistress. But the established doctrine of the Court was, that all sickness was to be con-

sidered as a pretence until it proved fatal. The only way in which the invalid could clear herself from the suspicion of malingering, as it is called in the army, was to go on lacing and unlacing, till she fell down dead at the royal feet. "This," Miss Burney wrote, when she was suffering cruelly from sickness, watching, and labour, "is by no means from hardness of heart; far otherwise. There is no hardness of heart in any one of them; but it is prejudice, and want of personal experience."

- 10 Many strangers sympathized with the bodily and mental sufferings of this distinguished woman. All who saw her saw that her frame was sinking, that her heart was breaking. The last, it should seem, to observe the change was her father. At length, in spite of himself, his eyes were opened. In May, 1790, his daughter had an interview of three hours with him, the only long interview which they had had since he took her to Windsor in 1786. She told him that she was miserable, that she was worn with attendance and want of sleep, that she had no comfort in life, nothing to love, nothing to hope,
- 20 that her family and friends were to her as though they were not, and were remembered by her as men remember the dead. From daybreak to midnight the same killing labour, the same recreations, more hateful than labour itself, followed each other without variety, without any interval of liberty and repose.

The Doctor was greatly dejected by this news; but was too goodnatured a man not to say that, if she wished to resign, his house and arms were open to her. Still, however, he could not bear to remove her from the Court. His veneration
30 for royalty amounted in truth to idolatry. It can be compared only to the grovelling superstition of those Syrian devotees who made their children pass through the fire to Moloch. When he induced his daughter to accept the place of Keeper of the robes, he entertained, as she tells us, a hope that some worldly advantage or other, not set down in the contract of service, would be the result of her connection with

the Court. What advantage he expected we do not know, nor did he probably know himself. But, whatever he expected, he certainly got nothing. Miss Burney had been hired for board, lodging, and two hundred a year. Board, lodging, and two hundred a year, she had duly received. We have looked carefully through the Diary, in the hope of finding some trace of those extraordinary benefactions on which the Doctor reckoned. But we can discover only a promise, never performed, of a gown : and for this promise Miss Burney was expected to return thanks, such as might 10 have suited the beggar with whom Saint Martin, in the legend, divided his cloak. The experience of four years was, however, insufficient to dispel the illusion which had taken possession of the Doctor's mind ; and, between the dear father and the sweet Queen, there seemed to be little doubt that some day or other Frances would drop down a corpse. Six months had elapsed since the interview between the parent and the daughter. The resignation was not sent in. The sufferer grew worse and worse. She took bark ; but it soon ceased to produce a beneficial effect. She was stimulated 20 with wine ; she was soothed with opium ; but in vain. Her breath began to fail. The whisper that she was in a decline spread through the Court. The pains in her side became so severe that she was forced to crawl from the card-table of the old Fury to whom she was tethered, three or four times in an evening, for the purpose of taking hartshorn. Had she been a negro slave, a humane planter would have excused her from work. But her Majesty showed no mercy. Thrice a day the accursed bell still rang ; the Queen was still to be dressed for the morning at seven, and to be dressed for the day at noon, 30 and to be undressed at midnight.

But there had arisen, in literary and fashionable society, a general feeling of compassion for Miss Burney, and of indignation against both her father and the Queen. "Is it possible," said a great French lady to the Doctor, "that your daughter is in a situation where she is never allowed a

holiday?" Horace Walpole wrote to Frances, to express his sympathy. Boswell, boiling over with goodnatured rage, almost forced an entrance into the palace to see her. "My dear ma'am, why do you stay? It won't do, ma'am; you must resign. We can put up with it no longer. Some very violent measures, I assure you, will be taken. We shall address Dr. Burney in a body." Burke and Reynolds, though less noisy, were zealous in the same cause. Windham spoke to Dr. Burney; but found him still irresolute. "I will set 10 the club upon him," cried Windham; "Miss Burney has some very true admirers there, and I am sure they will eagerly assist." Indeed the Burney family seem to have been apprehensive that some public affront, such as the Doctor's unpardonable folly, to use the mildest term, had richly deserved, would be put upon him. The medical men spoke out, and plainly told him that his daughter must resign or die.

At last paternal affection, medical authority, and the voice of all London crying shame, triumphed over Dr. Burney's love of courts. He determined that Frances should write a 20 letter of resignation. It was with difficulty that, though her life was at stake, she mustered spirit to put the paper into the Queen's hands. "I could not," so runs the Diary, "summon courage to present my memorial: my heart always failed me from seeing the Queen's entire freedom from such an expectation. For though I was frequently so ill in her presence that I could hardly stand, I saw she concluded me, while life remained, inevitably hers."

At last with a trembling hand the paper was delivered. Then came the storm. Juno, as in the *Aeneid*, delegated the 30 work of vengeance to Allecto. The Queen was calm and gentle; but Madame Schwellenberg raved like a maniac in the incurable ward of Bedlam! Such insolence! Such ingratitude! Such folly! Would Miss Burney bring utter destruction to herself and her family? Would she throw away the inestimable advantage of royal protection? Would she part with privileges which, once relinquished, could never

be regained ? It was idle to talk of health and life. If people could not live in the palace, the best thing that could befall them was to die in it. The resignation was not accepted. The language of the medical men became stronger and stronger. Dr. Burney's parental fears were fully roused ; and he explicitly declared, in a letter meant to be shown to the Queen, that his daughter must retire. The Schwellenberg raged like a wild cat. "A scene almost horrible ensued," says Miss Burney. "She was too much enraged for disguise, and uttered the most furious expressions of indignant contempt 10 at our proceedings. I am sure she would have gladly confined us both in the Bastille, had England such a misery, as a fit place to bring us to ourselves, from a daring so outrageous, against imperial wishes." This passage deserves notice, as being the only one in the Diary, so far as we have observed, which shows Miss Burney to have been aware that she was a native of a free country, that she could not be pressed for a waiting-maid against her will, and that she had just as good a right to live, if she chose, in Saint Martin's Street, as Queen Charlotte had to live in Saint James's.

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The Queen promised that, after the next birthday, Miss Burney should be set at liberty. But the promise was ill kept ; and her Majesty showed displeasure at being reminded of it. At length Frances was informed that in a fortnight her attendance should cease. "I heard this," she says, "with a fearful presentiment I should surely never go through another fortnight, in so weak and languishing and painful a state of health. . . . As the time of separation approached, the Queen's cordiality rather diminished, and traces of internal displeasure appeared sometimes, arising from an opinion I 30 ought rather to have struggled on, live or die, than to quit her. Yet I am sure she saw how poor was my own chance, except by a change in the mode of life, and at least ceased to wonder, though she could not approve." Sweet Queen ! What noble candour, to admit that the undutifulness of people, who did not think the honour of adjusting her tuckers worth

the sacrifice of their own lives, was, though highly criminal, not altogether unnatural !

We perfectly understand her Majesty's contempt for the lives of others where her own pleasure was concerned. But what pleasure she can have found in having Miss Burney about her, it is not so easy to comprehend. That Miss Burney was an eminently skilful keeper of the robes is not very probable. Few women, indeed, have paid less attention to dress. Now and then, in the course of five years, she had been asked to 10 read aloud or to write a copy of verses. But better readers might easily have been found : and her verses were worse than even the Poet Laureate's Birthday Odes. Perhaps that economy, which was among her Majesty's most conspicuous virtues, had something to do with her conduct on this occasion. Miss Burney had never hinted that she expected a retiring pension ; and indeed would gladly have given the little that she had for freedom. But her Majesty knew what the public thought, and what became her own dignity. She could not for very shame suffer a woman of distinguished genius, 20 who had quitted a lucrative career to wait on her, who had served her faithfully for a pittance during five years, and whose constitution had been impaired by labour and watching, to leave the court without some mark of royal liberality. George the Third, who, on all occasions where Miss Burney was concerned, seems to have behaved like an honest, goodnatured gentleman, felt this, and said plainly that she was entitled to a provision. At length, in return for all the misery which she had undergone, and for the health which she had sacrificed, an annuity of one hundred pounds was granted to her, dependent on the Queen's pleasure.

Then the prison was opened, and Frances was free once more. Johnson, as Burke observed, might have added a striking page to his poem on the Vanity of Human Wishes, if he had lived to see his little Burney as she went into the palace and as she came out of it.

The pleasures, so long untasted, of liberty, of friendship, of

domestic affection, were almost too acute for her shattered frame. But happy days and tranquil nights soon restored the health which the Queen's toilette and Madame Schwellenberg's card-table had impaired. Kind and anxious faces surrounded the invalid. Conversation the most polished and brilliant revived her spirits. Travelling was recommended to her ; and she rambled by easy journeys from cathedral to cathedral, and from watering place to watering place. She crossed the New Forest, and visited Stonehenge and Wilton, the cliffs of Lyme, and the beautiful valley of Sidmouth.¹⁰ Thence she journeyed by Powderham Castle, and by the ruins of Glastonbury Abbey to Bath, and from Bath, when the winter was approaching, returned well and cheerful to London. There she visited her old dungeon, and found her successor already far on the way to the grave, and kept to strict duty, from morning till midnight, with a sprained ankle and a nervous fever.

At this time England swarmed with French exiles driven from their country by the Revolution. A colony of these refugees settled at Juniper Hall in Surrey, not far from Norbury Park, where Mr. Lock, an intimate friend of the Burney family, resided. Frances visited Norbury, and was introduced to the strangers. She had strong prejudices against them ; for her Toryism was far beyond, we do not say that of Mr. Pitt, but that of Mr. Reeves ; and the inmates of Juniper Hall were all attached to the constitution of 1791, and were therefore more detested by the royalists of the first emigration than Pétion or Marat. But such a woman as Miss Burney could not long resist the fascination of that remarkable society. She had lived with Johnson and Windham, with Mrs. Montague and Mrs. Thrale. Yet she was forced to own that she had never heard conversation before. The most animated eloquence, the keenest observation, the most sparkling wit, the most courtly grace, were united to charm her. For Madame de Staël was there, and M. de Talleyrand. There too was M. de Narbonne, a noble representative of

French aristocracy ; and with M. de Narbonne was his friend and follower General D'Arblay, an honourable and amiable man, with a handsome person, frank soldierlike manners, and some taste for letters.

The prejudices which Frances had conceived against the constitutional royalists of France rapidly vanished. She listened with rapture to Talleyrand and Madame de Staël, joined with M. D'Arblay in execrating the Jacobins and in weeping for the unhappy Bourbons, took French lessons from him, fell in love with him, and married him on no better provision than a precarious annuity of one hundred pounds.

Here the Diary stops for the present. We will, therefore, bring our narrative to a speedy close by rapidly recounting the most important events which we know to have befallen Madame D'Arblay during the latter part of her life.

M. D'Arblay's fortune had perished in the general wreck of the French Revolution ; and in a foreign country his talents, whatever they may have been, could scarcely make him rich. The task of providing for the family devolved on his wife.
20 In the year 1796 she published by subscription her third novel, *Camilla*. It was impatiently expected by the public ; and the sum which she obtained for it was, we believe, greater than had ever at that time been received for a novel. We have heard that she cleared more than three thousand guineas. But we give this merely as a rumour. *Camilla*, however, never attained popularity like that which *Evelina* and *Cecilia* had enjoyed ; and it must be allowed that there was a perceptible falling off, not indeed in humour or in power of portraying character, but in grace and in purity of style.

30 We have heard that, about this time, a tragedy by Madame D'Arblay was performed without success. We do not know whether it was ever printed ; nor indeed have we had time to make any researches into its history or merits.

During the short truce which followed the treaty of Amiens, M. D'Arblay visited France. Lauriston and La Fayette represented his claims to the French government, and obtained

a promise that he should be reinstated in his military rank. M. D'Arblay, however, insisted that he should never be required to serve against the countrymen of his wife. The First Consul, of course, would not hear of such a condition, and ordered the general's commission to be instantly revoked.

Madame D'Arblay joined her husband at Paris, a short time before the war of 1803 broke out, and remained in France ten years, cut off from almost all intercourse with the land of her birth. At length, when Napoleon was on his march to Moscow, she with great difficulty obtained from his ministers permission 10 to visit her own country, in company with her son, who was a native of England. She returned in time to receive the last blessing of her father, who died in his eighty-seventh year. In 1814 she published her last novel, the *Wanderer*, a book which no judicious friend to her memory will attempt to draw from the oblivion into which it has justly fallen. In the same year her son Alexander was sent to Cambridge. He obtained an honourable place among the wranglers of his year, and was elected a fellow of Christ's College. But his reputation at the University was higher than might be inferred from his 20 success in academical contests. His French education had not fitted him for the examinations of the Senate House; but, in pure mathematics, we have been assured by some of his competitors that he had very few equals. He went into the church, and it was thought likely that he would attain high eminence as a preacher, but he died before his mother. All that we have heard of him leads us to believe that he was such a son as such a mother deserved to have. In 1832, Madame D'Arblay published the memoirs of her father; and on the 6th January, 1840, she died in her eighty-eighth year. 30

We now turn from the life of Madame D'Arblay to her writings. There can, we apprehend, be little difference of opinion as to the nature of her merit, whatever differences may exist as to its degree. She was emphatically what Johnson called her, a charactermonger. It was in the exhibition of human passions and whims that her strength lay; and in this

department of art she had, we think, very distinguished skill.

But in order that we may, according to our duty as kings at arms, versed in the laws of literary precedence, marshal her to the exact seat to which she is entitled, we must carry our examination somewhat further.

There is, in one respect, a remarkable analogy between the faces and the minds of men. No two faces are alike; and yet very few faces deviate very widely from the common standard.

10 Among the eighteen hundred thousand human beings who inhabit London, there is not one who could be taken by his acquaintance for another; yet we may walk from Paddington to Mile End without seeing one person in whom any feature is so overcharged that we turn round to stare at it. An infinite number of varieties lie between limits which are not very far asunder. The specimens which pass those limits on either side, form a very small minority.

It is the same with the characters of men. Here, too, the variety passes all enumeration. But the cases in which the 20 deviation from the common standard is striking and grotesque are very few. In one mind avarice predominates; in another, pride; in a third, love of pleasure; just as in one countenance the nose is the most marked feature, while in others the chief expression lies in the brow, or in the lines of the mouth. But there are very few countenances in which nose, brow, and mouth do not contribute, though in unequal degrees, to the general effect; and so there are very few characters in which one overgrown propensity makes all others utterly insignificant.

It is evident that a portrait painter, who was able only to 30 represent faces and figures such as those which we pay money to see at fairs, would not, however spirited his execution might be, take rank among the highest artists. He must always be placed below those who have skill to seize peculiarities which do not amount to deformity. The slighter these peculiarities, the greater is the merit of the limner who can catch them and transfer them to his canvas. To paint

Daniel Lambert or the living skeleton, the pig-faced lady or the Siamese twins, so that nobody can mistake them, is an exploit within the reach of a sign-painter. A third-rate artist might give us the squint of Wilkes, and the depressed nose and protuberant cheeks of Gibbon. It would require a much higher degree of skill to paint two such men as Mr. Canning and Sir Thomas Lawrence, so that nobody who had ever seen them could for a moment hesitate to assign each picture to its original. Here the mere caricaturist would be quite at fault. He would find in neither face anything on 10 which he could lay hold for the purpose of making a distinction. Two ample bald foreheads, two regular profiles, two full faces of the same oval form, would baffle his art; and he would be reduced to the miserable shift of writing their names at the foot of his picture. Yet there was a great difference; and a person who had seen them once would no more have mistaken one of them for the other than he would have mistaken Mr. Pitt for Mr. Fox. But the difference lay in delicate lineaments and shades, reserved for pencils of a rare order.

20

This distinction runs through all the imitative arts. Foote's mimicry was exquisitely ludicrous, but it was all caricature. He could take off only some strange peculiarity, a stammer or a lisp, a Northumbrian burr or an Irish brogue, a stoop or a shuffle. "If a man," said Johnson, "hops on one leg, Foote can hop on one leg." Garrick, on the other hand, could seize those differences of manner and pronunciation, which, though highly characteristic, are yet too slight to be described. Foote, we have no doubt, could have made the Haymarket theatre shake with laughter by imitating a conversation between a Scotchman and a Somersetshireman. But Garrick could have imitated a conversation between two fashionable men, both models of the best breeding, Lord Chesterfield, for example, and Lord Albemarle, so that no person could doubt which was which, although no person could say that, in any point, either Lord Chesterfield or Lord

Albemarle spoke or moved otherwise than in conformity with the usages of the best society.

The same distinction is found in the drama and in fictitious narrative. Highest among those who have exhibited human nature by means of dialogue, stands Shakspeare. His variety is like the variety of nature, endless diversity, scarcely any monstrosity. The characters of which he has given us an impression, as vivid as that which we receive from the characters of our own associates, are to be reckoned by scores. Yet
10 in all these scores hardly one character is to be found which deviates widely from the common standard, and which we should call very eccentric if we met it in real life. The silly notion that every man has one ruling passion, and that this clue, once known, unravels all the mysteries of his conduct, finds no countenance in the plays of Shakspeare. There man appears as he is, made up of a crowd of passions, which contend for the mastery over him, and govern him in turn. What is Hamlet's ruling passion ? Or Othello's ? Or Harry the Fifth's ? Or Wolsey's ? Or Lear's ? Or Shylock's ?
20 Or Benedick's ? Or Macbeth's ? Or that of Cassius ? Or that of Falconbridge ? But we might go on for ever. Take a single example, Shylock. Is he so eager for money as to be indifferent to revenge ? Or so eager for revenge as to be indifferent to money ? Or so bent on both together as to be indifferent to the honour of his nation and the law of Moses ? All his propensities are mingled with each other, so that, in trying to apportion to each its proper part, we find the same difficulty which constantly meets us in real life. A superficial critic may say, that hatred is Shylock's ruling passion.
30 But how many passions have amalgamated to form that hatred ? It is partly the result of wounded pride : Antonio has called him dog. It is partly the result of covetousness : Antonio has hindered him of half a million ; and, when Antonio is gone, there will be no limit to the gains of usury. It is partly the result of national and religious feeling : Antonio has spit on the Jewish gabardine ; and the oath of revenge

has been sworn by the Jewish Sabbath. We might go through all the characters which we have mentioned, and through fifty more in the same way ; for it is the constant manner of Shakspeare to represent the human mind as lying, not under the absolute dominion of one despotic propensity, but under a mixed government, in which a hundred powers balance each other. Admirable as he was in all parts of his art, we most admire him for this, that while he has left us a greater number of striking portraits than all other dramatists put together, he has scarcely left us a single caricature.

10

Shakspeare has had neither equal nor second. But among the writers who, in the point which we have noticed, have approached nearest to the manner of the great master, we have no hesitation in placing Jane Austen, a woman of whom England is justly proud. She has given us a multitude of characters, all, in a certain sense, commonplace, all such as we meet every day. Yet they are all as perfectly discriminated from each other as if they were the most eccentric of human beings. There are, for example, four clergymen, none of whom we should be surprised to find in any parsonage 20 in the kingdom, Mr. Edward Ferrars, Mr. Henry Tilney, Mr. Edmund Bertram, and Mr. Elton. They are all specimens of the upper part of the middle class. They have all been liberally educated. They all lie under the restraints of the same sacred profession. They are all young. They are all in love. Not one of them has any hobby-horse, to use the phrase of Sterne. Not one has a ruling passion, such as we read of in Pope. Who would not have expected them to be insipid likenesses of each other ? No such thing. Harpagon is not more unlike to Jourdain, Joseph Surface is not more unlike to 30 Sir Lucius O'Trigger, than every one of Miss Austen's young divines to all his reverend brethren. And almost all this is done by touches so delicate, that they elude analysis, that they defy the powers of description, and that we know them to exist only by the general effect to which they have contributed.

A line must be drawn, we conceive, between artists of this class, and those poets and novelists whose skill lies in the exhibiting of what Ben Jonson called humours. The words of Ben are so much to the purpose that we will quote them :

“ When some one peculiar quality
Doth so possess a man, that it doth draw
All his affects, his spirits, and his powers,
In their confluxions all to run one way,
This may be truly said to be a humour.”

10 There are undoubtedly persons, in whom humours such as Ben describes have attained a complete ascendancy. The avarice of Elwes, the insane desire of Sir Egerton Brydges for a barony to which he had no more right than to the crown of Spain, the malevolence which long meditation or imaginary wrongs generated in the gloomy mind of Bellingham, are instances. The feeling which animated Clarkson and other virtuous men against the slave-trade and slavery, is an instance of a more honourable kind.

Seeing that such humours exist, we cannot deny that they 20 are proper subjects for the imitations of art. But we conceive that the imitation of such humours, however skilful and amusing, is not an achievement of the highest order ; and, as such humours are rare in real life, they ought, we conceive, to be sparingly introduced into works which profess to be pictures of real life. Nevertheless, a writer may show so much genius in the exhibition of these humours as to be fairly entitled to a distinguished and permanent rank among classics. The chief seats of all, however, the places on the dais and under the canopy, are reserved for the few who 30 have excelled in the difficult art of portraying characters in which no single feature is extravagantly overcharged.

If we have expounded the law soundly, we can have no difficulty in applying it to the particular case before us. Madame D'Arblay has left us scarcely anything but humours. Almost every one of her men and women has some one propensity developed to a morbid degree. In Cecilia, for example,

Mr. Delvile never opens his lips without some allusion to his own birth and station ; or Mr. Briggs, without some allusion to the hoarding of money ; or Mr. Hobson, without betraying the self-indulgence and self-importance of a purse-proud upstart ; or Mr. Simkins, without uttering some sneaking remark for the purpose of currying favour with his customers ; or Mr. Meadows, without expressing apathy and weariness of life ; or Mr. Albany, without declaiming about the vices of the rich and the misery of the poor ; or Mrs. Belfield, without some indelicate eulogy on her son ; or Lady Margaret, without 10 indicating jealousy of her husband. Morrice is all skipping, officious impertinence, Mr. Gosport all sarcasm, Lady Honoria all lively prattle, Miss Laroche all silly prattle. If ever Madame D'Arblay aimed at more, we do not think that she succeeded well.

We are, therefore, forced to refuse to Madame D'Arblay a place in the highest rank of art ; but we cannot deny that, in the rank to which she belonged, she had few equals, and scarcely any superior. The variety of humours which is to be found in her novels is immense ; and though the talk of 20 each person separately is monotonous, the general effect is not monotony, but a very lively and agreeable diversity. Her plots are rudely constructed and improbable, if we consider them in themselves. But they are admirably framed for the purpose of exhibiting striking groups of eccentric characters, each governed by his own peculiar whim, each talking his own peculiar jargon, and each bringing out by opposition the oddities of all the rest. We will give one example out of many which occur to us. All probability is violated in order to bring Mr. Delvile, Mr. Briggs, Mr. Hobson, 30 and Mr. Albany into a room together. But when we have them there, we soon forget probability in the exquisitely ludicrous effect which is produced by the conflict of four old fools, each raging with a monomania of his own, each talking a dialect of his own, and each inflaming all the others anew every time he opens his mouth.

Madame D'Arblay was most successful in comedy, and indeed in comedy which bordered on farce. But we are inclined to infer from some passages, both in *Cecilia* and *Camilla*, that she might have attained equal distinction in the pathetic. We have formed this judgment, less from those ambitious scenes of distress which lie near the catastrophe of each of those novels, than from some exquisite strokes of natural tenderness which take us here and there by surprise. We would mention as examples, Mrs. Hill's account of her 10 little boy's death in *Cecilia*, and the parting of Sir Hugh Tyrold and Camilla, when the honest baronet thinks himself dying.

It is melancholy to think that the whole fame of Madame D'Arblay rests on what she did during the earlier half of her life, and that everything which she published during the forty-three years which preceded her death, lowered her reputation. Yet we have no reason to think that at the time when her faculties ought to have been in their maturity, they were smitten with any blight. In the *Wanderer*, we catch now and then a gleam of her genius. Even in the 20 *Memoirs* of her father, there is no trace of dotage. They are very bad; but they are so, as it seems to us, not from a decay of power, but from a total perversion of power.

The truth is, that Madame D'Arblay's style underwent a gradual and most pernicious change, a change which, in degree at least, we believe to be unexampled in literary history, and of which it may be useful to trace the progress.

When she wrote her letters to Mr. Crisp, her early journals, and her first novel, her style was not indeed brilliant or energetic; but it was easy, clear, and free from all offensive 30 faults. When she wrote *Cecilia* she aimed higher. She had then lived much in a circle of which Johnson was the centre; and she was herself one of his most submissive worshippers. It seems never to have crossed her mind that the style even of his best writings was by no means faultless, and that even had it been faultless, it might not be wise in her to imitate it. Phraseology which is proper in a disquisition on the Unities,

or in a preface to a Dictionary, may be quite out of place in a tale of fashionable life. Old gentlemen do not criticize the reigning modes, nor do young gentlemen make love, with the balanced epithets and sonorous cadences which, on occasions of great dignity, a skilful writer may use with happy effect.

In an evil hour the author of *Evelina* took the *Rambler* for her model. This would not have been wise even if she could have imitated her pattern as well as Hawkesworth did. But such imitation was beyond her power. She had her own style. It was a tolerably good one ; and might, without any 10 violent change, have been improved into a very good one. She determined to throw it away, and to adopt a style in which she could attain excellence only by achieving an almost miraculous victory over nature and over habit. She could cease to be Fanny Burney ; it was not so easy to become Samuel Johnson.

In *Cecilia* the change of manner began to appear. But in *Cecilia* the imitation of Johnson, though not always in the best taste, is sometimes eminently happy ; and the passages which are so verbose as to be positively offensive, are few. 20 There were people who whispered that Johnson had assisted his young friend, and that the novel owed all its finest passages to his hand. This was merely the fabrication of envy. Miss Burney's real excellences were as much beyond the reach of Johnson, as his real excellences were beyond her reach. He could no more have written the *Masquerade* scene, or the *Vauxhall* scene, than she could have written the *Life of Cowley* or the *Review of Soame Jenyns*. But we have not the smallest doubt that he revised *Cecilia*, and that he retouched the style of many passages. We know that he was in the 30 habit of giving assistance of this kind most freely. Goldsmith, Hawkesworth, Boswell, Lord Hailes, Mrs. Williams, were among those who obtained his help. Nay, he even corrected the poetry of Mr. Crabbe, whom, we believe, he had never seen. When Miss Burney thought of writing a comedy he promised to give her his best counsel, though he owned

that he was not particularly well qualified to advise on matters relating to the stage. We therefore think it in the highest degree improbable that his little Fanny, when living in habits of the most affectionate intercourse with him, would have brought out an important work without consulting him; and, when we look into Cecilia, we see such traces of his hand in the grave and elevated passages as it is impossible to mistake. Before we conclude this article, we will give two or three examples.

10 When next Madame D'Arblay appeared before the world as a writer, she was in a very different situation. She would not content herself with the simple English in which Evelina had been written. She had no longer the friend, who, we are confident, had polished and strengthened the style of Cecilia. She had to write in Johnson's manner without Johnson's aid. The consequence was, that in Camilla every passage which she meant to be fine is detestable; and that the book has been saved from condemnation only by the admirable spirit and force of those scenes in which she was content to be
20 familiar.

But there was to be a still deeper descent. After the publication of Camilla, Madame D'Arblay resided ten years at Paris. During those years there was scarcely any intercourse between France and England. It was with difficulty that a short letter could occasionally be transmitted. All Madame D'Arblay's companions were French. She must have written, spoken, thought, in French. Ovid expressed his fear that a shorter exile might have affected the purity of his Latin. During a shorter exile, Gibbon unlearned his
30 native English. Madame D'Arblay had carried a bad style to France. She brought back a style which we are really at a loss to describe. It is a sort of broken Johnsonese, a barbarous *patois*, bearing the same relation to the language of Rasselas, which the gibberish of the negroes of Jamaica bears to the English of the House of Lords. Sometimes it reminds us of the finest, that is to say, the vilest parts, of Mr.

Galt's novels ; sometimes of the perorations of Exeter Hall ; sometimes of the leading articles of the Morning Post. But it most resembles the puffs of Mr. Rowland and Dr. Goss. It matters not what ideas are clothed in such a style. The genius of Shakspeare and Bacon united, would not save a work so written from general derision.

It is only by means of specimens that we can enable our readers to judge how widely Madame D'Arblay's three styles differed from each other.

The following passage was written before she became 10 intimate with Johnson. It is from *Evelina*.

" His son seems weaker in his understanding, and more gay in his temper ; but his gaiety is that of a foolish overgrown schoolboy, whose mirth consists in noise and disturbance. He disdains his father for his close attention to business and love of money, though he seems himself to have no talents, spirit, or generosity to make him superior to either. His chief delight appears to be in tormenting and ridiculing his sisters, who in return most cordially despise him, Miss Branghton, the eldest daughter, is by no means ugly ; but 20 looks proud, ill-tempered, and conceited. She hates the city, though without knowing why ; for it is easy to discover she has lived nowhere else. Miss Polly Branghton is rather pretty, very foolish, very ignorant, very giddy, and, I believe, very good-natured." (*Letter xvii.*)

This is not a fine style, but simple, perspicuous, and agreeable. We now come to *Cecilia*, written during Miss Burney's intimacy with Johnson ; and we leave it to our readers to judge whether the following passage was not at least corrected by his hand.

30

" It is rather an imaginary than an actual evil, and though a deep wound to pride, no offence to morality. Thus have I laid open to you my whole heart, confessed my perplexities, acknowledged my vainglory, and exposed with equal sincerity the sources of my doubts and the motives of my decision. But now, indeed, how to proceed I know not. The difficulties which are yet to encounter I fear to enumerate, and the petition I have to urge I have scarce courage to mention. My family, mistaking ambition for honour, and rank for

dignity, have long planned a splendid connection for me, to which, though my invariable repugnance has stopped any advances, their wishes and their views immovably adhere. I am but too certain they will now listen to no other. I dread, therefore, to make a trial where I despair of success. I know not how to risk a prayer with those who may silence me by a command." (Bk. vii. ch. v.)

Take now a specimen of Madame D'Arblay's later style. This is the way in which she tells us that her
10 father, on his journey back from the Continent, caught the rheumatism.

"He was assaulted, during his precipitated return, by the rudest fierceness of wintry elemental strife; through which, with bad accommodations and innumerable accidents, he became a prey to the merciless pangs of the acutest spasmodic rheumatism, which barely suffered him to reach his home, ere, long and piteously, it confined him, a tortured prisoner, to his bed. Such was the check that almost instantly curbed, though it could not subdue, the rising pleasure of his hopes of
20 entering upon a new species of existence—that of an approved man of letters; for it was on the bed of sickness, exchanging the light wines of France, Italy, and Germany, for the black and loathsome potions of the Apothecaries' Hall, writhed by darting stitches, and burning with fiery fever, that he felt the full force of that sublunary equipoise that seems evermore to hang suspended over the attainment of long-sought and uncommon felicity, just as it is ripening to burst forth with enjoyment!"

Here is a second passage from Evelina.

30 "Mrs. Selwyn is very kind and attentive to me. She is extremely clever. Her understanding, indeed, may be called masculine; but unfortunately her manners deserve the same epithet; for, in studying to acquire the knowledge of the other sex, she has lost all the softness of her own. In regard to myself, however, as I have neither courage nor inclination to argue with her, I have never been personally hurt at her want of gentleness, a virtue which nevertheless seems so essential a part of the female character, that I find myself more awkward and less at ease with a woman who wants it than I do with a man." (*Letter lxii.*)

This is a good style of its kind ; and the following passage from *Cecilia* is also in a good style, though not in a faultless one. We say with confidence, either Sam Johnson or the Devil.

" Even the imperious Mr Delvile was more supportable here than in London. Secure in his own castle, he looked round him with a pride of power and possession which softened while it swelled him. His superiority was undisputed : his will was without control. He was not, as in the great capital of the kingdom, surrounded by competitors. No rivalry disturbed 10 his peace ; no equality mortified his greatness. All he saw were either vassals of his power, or guests bending to his pleasure. He abated, therefore, considerably the stern gloom of his haughtiness, and soothed his proud mind by the courtesy of condescension." (Bk. vi. ch. iii.)

We will stake our reputation for critical sagacity on this, that no such paragraph as that which we have last quoted, can be found in any of Madame D'Arblay's works except *Cecilia*. Compare with it the following example of her later style.

20

" If beneficence be judged by the happiness which it diffuses, whose claim, by that proof, shall stand higher than that of Mrs. Montagu, from the munificence with which she celebrated her annual festival for those helpless artificers who perform the most abject offices of any authorized calling, in being the active guardians of our blazing hearths ? Not to vain glory, then, but to kindness of heart, should be adjudged the publicity of that superb charity which made its jetty objects, for one bright morning, cease to consider themselves as degraded outcasts from all society."

30

We add one or two shorter examples. Sheridan refused to permit his lovely wife to sing in public, and was warmly praised on this account by Johnson.

" The last of men," says Madame D'Arblay, " was Dr. Johnson to have abetted squandering the delicacy of integrity by nullifying the labours of talents."

The Club, Johnson's Club, did itself no honour by rejecting

on political grounds two distinguished men, one a Tory, the other a Whig. Madame D'Arblay tells the story thus: "A similar ebullition of political rancour with that which so difficultly had been conquered for Mr. Canning foamed over the ballot box to the exclusion of Mr. Rogers."

An offence punishable with imprisonment is, in this language, an offence "which produces incarceration." To be starved to death is "to sink from inanition into nonentity." Sir Isaac Newton is "the developer of the skies in their 10 embodied movements;" and Mrs. Thrale, when a party of clever people sat silent, is said to have been "provoked by the dulness of a taciturnity that, in the midst of such renowned interlocutors, produced as narcotic a torpor as could have been caused by a dearth the most barren of all human faculties." In truth, it is impossible to look at any page of Madame D'Arblay's later works without finding flowers of rhetoric like these. Nothing in the language of those jargonists at whom Mr. Gosport laughed, nothing in the language of Sir Sedley Clarendel, approaches this new 20 Euphuism.

It is from no unfriendly feeling to Madame D'Arblay's memory that we have expressed ourselves so strongly on the subject of her style. On the contrary, we conceive that we have really rendered a service to her reputation. That her later works were complete failures, is a fact too notorious to be dissembled; and some persons, we believe, have consequently taken up a notion that she was from the first an overrated writer, and that she had not the powers which were necessary to maintain her on the eminence on which good luck and 30 fashion had placed her. We believe, on the contrary, that her early popularity was no more than the just reward of distinguished merit, and would never have undergone an eclipse, if she had only been content to go on writing in her mother tongue. If she failed when she quitted her own province, and attempted to occupy one in which she had neither part nor lot, this reproach is common to her with a

crowd of distinguished men. Newton failed when he turned from the courses of the stars, and the ebb and flow of the ocean, to apocalyptic seals and vials. Bentley failed when he turned from Homer and Aristophanes, to edit the *Paradise Lost*. Inigo failed when he attempted to rival the Gothic churches of the fourteenth century. Wilkie failed when he took it into his head that the *Blind Fiddler* and the *Rent Day* were unworthy of his powers, and challenged competition with Lawrence as a portrait painter. Such failures should be noted for the instruction of posterity; but they detract 10 little from the permanent reputation of those who have really done great things.

Yet one word more. It is not only on account of the intrinsic merit of Madame D'Arblay's early works that she is entitled to honourable mention. Her appearance is an important epoch in our literary history. *Evelina* was the first tale written by a woman, and purporting to be a picture of life and manners, that lived or deserved to live. The *Female Quixote* is no exception. That work has undoubtedly great merit, when considered as a wild satirical harlequinade; but, 20 if we consider it as a picture of life and manners, we must pronounce it more absurd than any of the romances which it was designed to ridicule.

Indeed, most of the popular novels which preceded *Evelina* were such as no lady would have written; and many of them were such as no lady could without confusion own that she had read. The very name of novel was held in horror among religious people. In decent families, which did not profess extraordinary sanctity, there was a strong feeling against all such works. Sir Anthony Absolute, two or three years before 30 *Evelina* appeared, spoke the sense of the great body of sober fathers and husbands, when he pronounced the circulating library an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge. This feeling, on the part of the grave and reflecting, increased the evil from which it had sprung. The novelist, having little character to lose, and having few readers among serious

people, took without scruple liberties which in our generation seem almost incredible.

Miss Burney did for the English novel what Jeremy Collier did for the English drama ; and she did it in a better way. She first showed that a tale might be written in which both the fashionable and the vulgar life of London might be exhibited with great force, and with broad comic humour, and which yet should not contain a single line inconsistent with rigid morality, or even with virgin delicacy. She took
10 away the reproach which lay on a most useful and delightful species of composition. She vindicated the right of her sex to an equal share in a fair and noble province of letters. Several accomplished women have followed in her track. At present, the novels which we owe to English ladies form no small part of the literary glory of our country. No class of works is more honourably distinguished by fine observation, by grace, by delicate wit, by pure moral feeling. Several among the successors of Madame D'Arblay have equalled her ; two, we think, have surpassed her. But the fact that she
20 has been surpassed gives her an additional claim to our respect and gratitude ; for, in truth, we owe to her not only Evelina, Cecilia, and Camilla, but also Mansfield Park and the Absentee.

*From EVELINA. LETTER 55.**(Evelina to her adopted father.)*

O Sir, how much uneasiness must I suffer, to counterbalance one short morning of happiness ! Yesterday the Branghtons proposed a party to Kensington-gardens, and, as usual, Madame Duval insisted upon my attendance. We went in a hackney-coach to Piccadilly and then had a walk through Hyde Park, which, in any other company, would have been delightful. I was much pleased with Kensington-gardens and think them infinitely preferable to those of Vauxhall.

Young Branghton was extremely troublesome ; he insisted upon walking by my side and talked with me almost by compulsion ; however, my reserve and coldness prevented his entering upon the hateful subject which Madame Duval had prepared me to apprehend. Once, indeed, when I was accidentally a few yards before the rest, he said : “ I suppose, miss, aunt has told you about you know what ?—ha’n’t she, Miss ? ”—but I turned from him without making any answer.

While we were strolling round the garden I perceived, walking with a party of ladies at some distance—Lord Orville ! I instantly retreated behind Miss Branghton and kept out of sight till we had passed him ; for I dreaded being seen by him again, in a public walk, with a party of which I was ashamed. . . . [Miss Branghton] would not rest till she had drawn from me the circumstances attending my first making the acquaintance [of Lord Orville]. Then, calling to her sister, she said, “ Lord, Polly, only think ! Miss has danced with a Lord ! ” “ Well,” cried Polly, “ that’s a thing I should never have thought of ! And pray, Miss, what did he say to you ? ”

This question was much sooner asked than answered ; and they both became so very inquisitive and earnest, that

they soon drew the attention of Madame Duval and the rest of the party, to whom, in a very short time, they repeated all they had gathered from me.

"Goodness, then," cried young Branghton, "if I was Miss, if I would not make free with his Lordship's coach to take me to town." "Why ay," said the father, "there would be some sense in that; that would be making some use of a Lord's acquaintance, for it would save us coach-hire." "Lord, Miss," cried Polly, "I wish you would for I should like of all things to ride in a coronet coach!" "I promise you," said Madame Duval, "I'm glad you thought of it, for I don't see no objection;—so let's have the coachman called." "Not for the world!" cried I, very much alarmed: "indeed it is utterly impossible." "Why so?" demanded Mr. Branghton, "pray where's the good of your knowing a Lord, if you're never the better for him?" "Ma foi, child," said Madame Duval, "you don't know no more of the world than if you was a baby.—Pray, Sir," (to one of the footmen), "tell that coachman to draw up for I wants to speak to him." The man stared, but did not move. "Pray, pray, Madam," said I, "pray, Mr. Branghton, have the goodness to give up this plan; for I know but very little of his Lordship, and cannot, upon any account, take so great a liberty." . . .

From CECILIA. BOOK IX. CHAPTER I.

(Mr. Albany, an eccentric philanthropist, and Mr. Hobson, a wealthy tradesman, have unwittingly intruded on Cecilia's meeting with her trustees, Mr. Briggs and Mr. Delvile.)

. . . "Oh yet," continued Albany turning towards Cecilia, "preach not here the hardness which ye practise; rather amend yourselves than corrupt her; and give with liberality what ye ought to receive with gratitude." "That's not my doctrine," cried Hobson, "I am not a near man, neither; but as to giving at that rate, it's quite out of character. I

have as good a right to my own savings as to my own gettings ; and what I say is this : who'll give to *me* ? Let me see that, and it's quite another thing, and begin who will, I'll be bound to go on with him, pound for pound or pence for pence. But as to giving to them beggars, it's what I don't approve : I pay the poor's rate, and that's what I call charity enough for any man. But for the matter of living well and spending one's money handsomely and having one's comforts about one, why it's a thing of another nature, and I can say this for myself, and that is, I never grudged myself anything in my life. I always made myself agreeable and lived on the best. That's my way."

" Bad way too ! " cried Briggs ; " never get on with it, never see beyond your nose, won't be worth a plum while your head wags." Then, taking Cecilia apart, " Hark'ee, my duck," he added, pointing to Albany. " Who is that Mr. Bounce, eh ? What is he ? " " I have known him but a short time, Sir, but I think of him very highly." " Is he a *good* man ? That's the point, is he a *good* man ? " " Indeed, he appears to me uncommonly benevolent and charitable." " But that i'n't the thing : is he *warm* ? that's the point—is he *warm* ? " " If you mean *passionate*, " said Cecilia, " I believe the energy of his manner is merely to enforce what he says." " Don't take me, don't take me,"—cried he impatiently,—“ can come down with the ready ? that's the matter—can chink the little gold boys ? eh ? " " Why, I rather fear not, by his appearance, but I know nothing of his affairs." " What does come for, eh ? Come a-courtin' ? " " Mercy on me, no ! " " What for then ? only a-sponging ? " " No indeed, he seems to have no wish but to assist and plead for others."

" All fudge ! Think he i'n't touched ? Ay, ay, nothing but a trick ! Only to get at the chink : see he's as poor as a rat ; talks of nothing but giving money ; a bad sign ! If he'd got any money, would not do it. Wanted to make us come down ; warrant, thought to bam us all ! Out there ! a'n't so soon gulled."

A knock at the street-door gave now a new interruption, and Mr. Delvile at length appeared. . . . (He) entered the room with an air stately and erect ; he took off his hat, but deigned not to make the smallest inclination of his head, nor offered any excuse to Mr. Briggs for being past the hour of his appointment ; but having advanced a few paces, without looking either to the right or left, said, “ As I have never acted, my coming may not, perhaps, be essential, but as my name is in the Dean’s will, and I have once or twice met the other executors mentioned in it, I think it a duty I owe to my own heirs to prevent any possible future enquiry or trouble to them.”

This speech was directly addressed to no one, though meant to be attended to by every one, and seemed proudly uttered as a mere apology to himself for not having declined the meeting. . . . Cecilia, earnest to have the business concluded, turned to Mr. Briggs and said, “ Sir, here is pen and ink : are you to write, or am I ? or what is to be done ? ” “ No, no,” said he, with a sneer, “ give it t’other ; all in our turn ; don’t come before his Grace the Right Honourable Mr. Vampus.” “ Before whom, sir ? ” said Mr. Delvile, reddening. “ Before my Lord Don Pedigree,” answered Briggs with a spiteful grin ; “ know him ? eh ? Ever hear of such a person ? ”

Mr. Delvile coloured still deeper, but turning contemptuously from him, disdained making any reply. Mr. Briggs, who now regarded him as a defeated man, said exultingly to Mr. Hobson : “ What do stand here for ? —Hay ? —Fall o’ your marrowbones ; don’t see Squire High-and-mighty ? ”

“ As to falling on my marrowbones,” answered Mr. Hobson, “ it’s what I shall do to no man, except he was the King himself, or the like of that, and going to make me Chancellor of the Exchequer or Commissioner of Excise. Not that I mean the gentleman any offence, but a man’s a man, and for one man to worship another is quite out of law.” “ Must ! Must ! ” cried Briggs, —“ tell all his old grand-dads else :

keeps 'em in a roll ; locks 'em in a closet ; says his prayers to 'em ; can't live without 'em ; likes 'em better than cash !—Wish had 'em here ! Pop em' all in the sink ! ”

“ If your intention, Sir,” cried Mr. Delvile fiercely, “ is only to insult me, I am prepared for what measures I shall take. I declined seeing you in my own house that I might not be under the same restraint as when it was my unfortunate lot to meet you last.” “ Who cares ? ” cried Briggs with an air of defiance : “ What can do, eh ? Poke me into a family vault ? Bind me o' top of an old monument ? Tie me to a stinking carcase ? Make a corpse of me and call it one of your famous cousins ! ” “ For Heaven's sake, Mr. Briggs,” interrupted Cecilia, who saw that Mr. Delvile, trembling with rage, scarce refrained from lifting up his stick, “ be appeased, and let us finish our business ! ”

Albany now, hearing in Cecilia's voice the alarm with which she was seized, came forward and exclaimed : “ Whence this unmeaning dissension ? To what purpose this irritating abuse ? O vain and foolish ! Live ye so happily, last ye so long, that time and peace may thus be trifled with ? ”

“ There, there ! ” cried Briggs, holding up his finger at Mr. Delvile, “ have it now ! Got old Mr. Bounce upon you,—give you enough of it, promise you that ! ” “ Restrain,” continued Albany, “ this idle wrath, and, if ye have ardent passions, employ them to nobler uses : let them stimulate acts of virtue, let them animate deeds of beneficence ! Oh, waste not spirits that may urge you to good, lead you to honour, warm you to charity, in poor and angry words, in unfriendly, unmanly debate ! ” Mr. Delvile, who from the approach of Albany had given him his whole attention, was struck with astonishment at this address, and almost petrified with wonder at his language and exhortations. “ Why, I must own,” said Mr. Hobson, “ As to this matter I am much of the same mind myself, for quarrelling's a thing I don't uphold, being it advances one no way. For what I say is this, if a man gets the better, he's only where he was before ; and if he gets worsted, why, it's odds but the laugh's against

him : so if I may make bold to give my verdict, I would have one of these gentlemen take the other by the hand and so put an end to bad words. That's my maxim, and that's what I call being agreeable."

Mr. Delvile, at the words *one of these gentlemen take the other by the hand*, looked scornfully upon Mr. Hobson, with a frown that expressed his highest indignation at being thus familiarly coupled with Mr. Briggs, and then, turning from him to Cecilia, haughtily said : "Are these two persons"—pointing towards Albany and Hobson—"waiting to be witnesses to any transaction ?" "No, Sir, no," cried Hobson, "I don't mean to intrude, I am going directly. So you can give me no insight, Ma'am," addressing Cecilia, "as to where I might light upon Mr. Belfield ?" "I ? No," cried she, much provoked by observing that Mr. Delvile suddenly looked at her. "Well, Ma'am, well, I mean no harm ; only I hold it that the right way to hear of a young gentleman is to ask for him of a young lady ; that's my maxim. Come Sir" (to Mr. Briggs), "you and I had like to have fallen out, but what I say is this : let no man bear malice ; that's my way, so I hope we part without ill blood ?" (*Cecilia*, Bk. ix. c. 4.)

From Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay.

(1) FANNY BURNEY AT THE THRALES'.

At night, Mrs. Thrale asked if I would have anything ? I answered, "No" ; but Dr. Johnson said, "Yes ; she is used, Madam, to suppers ; she would like an egg or two, and a few slices of ham, or a rasher—a rasher, I believe, would please her better." How ridiculous ! However, nothing would persuade Mrs. Thrale not to have the cloth laid. . . . I ate nothing, that they might not again use such a ceremony with me.

Indeed, their late dinners forbid suppers, especially as Dr. Johnson made me eat cake at tea, for he held it till I took it, with an odd or absent complaisance.

He was extremely comical after supper, and would not suffer Mrs. Thrale and me to go to bed for near an hour after we made the motion.

The Cumberland family was discussed. Mrs. Thrale said that Mr. Cumberland was a very amiable man in his own house; but as a father mighty simple; which accounts for the ridiculous conduct and manners of his daughters, concerning whom we had much talk, and were all of a mind; for it seems they used the same rude stare to Mrs. Thrale that so much disgusted us at Mrs. Ord's: she says that she really concluded something was wrong, and that, in getting out of the coach, she had given her cap some unlucky cuff,—by their merciless staring.

I told her that I had not any doubt, when I had met with the same attention from them, but that they were calculating the exact cost of all my dress. Mrs. Thrale then told me that, about two years ago, they were actually hissed out of the playhouse, on account of the extreme height of their feathers!

Dr. Johnson instantly composed an extempore dialogue between himself and Mr. Cumberland upon this subject, in which he was to act the part of a provoking condoler:

"Mr. Cumberland (I should say), how monstrously ill-bred is a playhouse mob! How I pitied poor Miss Cumberlands about that affair!"

"What affair?" cries he, for he has tried to forget it.

"Why," says I, "that unlucky accident they met with some time ago."

"Accident? what accident, sir?"

"Why, you know, when they were hissed out of the play-house—you remember the time—oh, the English mob is most insufferable! they are boors, and have no manner of taste!"

Mrs. Thrale accompanied me to my room, and stayed chatting with me for more than an hour.

Now for this morning's breakfast.

Dr. Johnson, as usual, came last into the library ; he was in high spirits, and full of mirth and sport. I had the honour of sitting next to him : and now, all at once, he flung aside his reserve, thinking, perhaps, that it was time I should fling aside mine. Mrs. Thrale told him that she intended taking me to Mr. T——'s. "So you ought, madam," cried he ; "'tis your business to be Cicerone to her."

Then suddenly he snatched my hand, and kissing it, "Ah !" he added, "they will little think what a tartar you carry to them ! "

"No, that they won't !" cried Mrs. Thrale ; "Miss Burney looks so meek and so quiet, nobody would suspect what a comical girl she is ; but I believe she has a great deal of malice at heart."

"Oh, she's a toad !" cried the doctor, laughing—"a sly young rogue ! with her Smiths and her Branghtons ! "

"Why, Dr. Johnson," said Mrs. Thrale, "I hope you are very well this morning ! if one may judge by your spirits and good humour, the fever you threatened us with is gone off."

He had complained that he was going to be ill last night.

"Why no, madam, no," answered he, "I am not yet well ; I could not sleep at all ; there I lay restless and uneasy, and thinking all the time of Miss Burney. Perhaps I have offended her, thought I ; perhaps she is angry ; I have seen her but once ; and I talked to her of a rasher !—Were you angry ? " I think I need not tell you my answer.

"I have been endeavouring to find some excuse," continued he, ' and, as I could not sleep, I got up, and looked for some authority for the word ; and I find, madam, it is used by Dryden : in one of his prologues, he says—' And snatch a homely rasher from the coals.' So you must not mind me, madam ; I say strange things, but I mean no harm."

I was almost afraid he thought I was really idiot enough to have taken him seriously ; but, a few minutes after, he put his hand on my arm, and shaking his head, exclaimed, "Oh,

you are a sly little rogue!—what a Holborn beau have you drawn!"

"Ay, Miss Burney," said Mrs. Thrale, "the Holborn beau is Dr. Johnson's favourite; and we have all your characters by heart, from Mr. Smith up to Lady Louisa."

"Oh, Mr. Smith, Mr. Smith is the man!" cried he, laughing violently. "Harry Fielding never drew so good a character!—such a fine varnish of low politeness!—such a struggle to appear a gentleman! Madam, there is no character better drawn anywhere—in any book or by any author."

I almost poked myself under the table. Never did I feel so delicious a confusion since I was born! But he added a great deal more, only I cannot recollect his exact words, and I do not choose to give him mine. (ed. Austin Dobson, vol. i. pp. 68 ff.)

(2) THE RECEPTION OF CECILIA.

Miss Burney visits Mrs. Delany and meets the Dowager Duchess of Portland and Mrs. Chapone.

After this she asked me if I had seen Mrs. Siddons, and what I thought of her. I answered that I admired her very much.

"If Miss Burney approves her," said the Duchess, "no approbation, I am sure, can do her so much credit; for no one can so perfectly judge of characters or of human nature."

"Ah, ma'am," cried Mrs. Delany archly, "and does your Grace remember protesting you would never read *Cecilia?*"

"Yes," said she, laughing; "I declared that five volumes could never be attacked; but since I began I have read it three times."

"Oh, terrible!" cried I, "to make them out fifteen!"

"The reason," continued she, "I held out so long against

reading them, was remembering the cry there was in favour of *Clarissa* and *Sir Charles Grandison*, when they came out; and those I never could read. I was teased into trying both of them; but I was disgusted with their tediousness, and could not read eleven letters, with all the effort I could make: so much about my sisters and my brothers, and all my uncles and my aunts!"

"But if your Grace had gone on with *Clarissa*," said Mrs. Chapone, "the latter part must certainly have affected you, and charmed you."

"Oh, I hate anything so dismal! Everybody that did read it had melancholy faces for a week. *Cecilia* is as pathetic as I can bear, and more sometimes; yet, in the midst of the sorrow, there is a spirit in the writing, a fire in the whole composition, that keeps off that heavy depression given by Richardson. Cry, to be sure, we did. Oh, Mrs. Delany, shall you ever forget how we cried? But then we had so much laughter to make us amends, we were never left to sink under our concern."

I am really ashamed to write on.

"For my part," said Mrs. Chapone, "when I first read it, I did not cry at all; I was in an agitation that half-killed me, that shook all my nerves, and made me unable to sleep at nights, from the suspense I was in; but I could not cry, for excess of eagerness."

"I only wish," said the Duchess, "Miss Burney could have been in some corner, amusing herself with listening to us, when Lord Weymouth, and the Bishop of Exeter, and Mr. Lightfoot, and Mrs. Delany, and I, were all discussing the point of the name.¹ So earnest we were, she must have been diverted with us. Nothing, the nearest our own hearts and interests, could have been debated more warmly. The Bishop was quite as eager as any of us; but what cooled us a little, at last, was Mr. Lightfoot's thinking we were seriously going to quarrel; and while Mrs. Delany and I were disputing

¹ *the name*—whether young Delvile might change his surname to marry Cecilia.

about Mrs. Delvile, he very gravely said, ‘ Why, ladies, this is only a matter of imagination ; it is not a fact : don’t be so earnest.’ ”

“ Ah, ma’am,” said Mrs. Delany, “ how hard your Grace was upon Mrs. Delvile : so elegant, so sensible, so judicious, so charming a woman.”

“ Oh, I hate her,” cried the Duchess, “ resisting that sweet Cecilia ; coaxing her, too, all the time, with such hypocritical flattery.”

“ I shall never forget,” said Mrs. Delany, “ your Grace’s earnestness when we came to that part where Mrs. Delvile bursts a blood-vessel. Down dropped the book, and just with the same energy as if your Grace had heard some real and important news, you called out, ‘ I’m glad of it with all my heart ! ’ ”

“ What disputes, too,” said Mrs. Chapone, “ there are about Briggs. I was in a room some time ago where somebody said there could be no such character ; and a poor little mean city man, who was there, started up and said, ‘ But there is though, for I’ve one myself ! ’ ”.

“ The Harrels !—Oh, then the Harrels ! ” cried Mrs. Delany.

“ If you speak of the Harrels, and of the morality of the book,” cried the Duchess, with a solemn sort of voice, “ we shall, indeed, never give Miss Burney her due : so striking, so pure, so genuine, so instructive.”

“ Yes,” cried Mrs. Chapone, “ let us complain how we will of the torture she has given our nerves, we must all join in saying she has bettered us by every line.”

“ No book,” said Mrs. Delany, “ ever was so useful as this, because none other that is so good was ever so much read.”

I think I need now write no more. I could, indeed, hear no more : for this last so serious praise, from characters so respectable, so moral, and so aged, quite affected me ; and though I had wished a thousand times during the discourse to run out of the room, when they gave me finally this solemn sanction to the meaning and intention of my

writing, I found it not without difficulty that I could keep the tears out of my eyes ; and when I told what had passed to our sweet father, he quite ran over. (Vol. ii. p. 199 ff.)

(3) A COLONEL IN WAITING.

I had been informed he [Colonel Manners] had once made an attempt to speak, during the Regency business, last winter ; I begged to know how the matter stood, and he made a most frank display of its whole circumstances.

"Why, they were speaking away," he cried, "upon the Regency, and so,—and they were saying the King could not reign, and recover ; and Burke was making some of his eloquence, and talking ; and, says he, 'hurled from his throne,' —and so I put out my finger in this manner, as if I was in a great passion, for I felt myself very red, and I was in a monstrous passion I suppose, but I was only going to say 'Hear ! hear !' but I happened to lean one hand down upon my knee, in this way, just as Mr. Pitt does when he wants to speak ; and I stooped forward, just as if I was going to rise up and begin ; but just then I caught Mr. Pitt's eye, looking at me so pitifully ; he thought I was going to speak, and he was frightened to death, for he thought—for the thing was he got up himself, and he said over all I wanted to say ; and the thing is, he almost always does ; for just as I have something particular to say, Mr. Pitt begins, and goes through it all, so that he don't leave anything more to be said about it ; and so I suppose, as he looked at me so pitifully, he thought I should say it first, or else that I should get into some scrape, because I was so warm and looking so red."

Any comment would disgrace this ; I will therefore only tell you his opinion, in his own words, of one of our late taxes.

"There's only one tax, ma'am, that ever I voted for against my conscience, for I've always been very particular about

that; but that is the *bachelors* tax, and that I hold to be very unconstitutional, and I am very sorry I voted for it, because it's very unfair; for how can a man help being a *bachelor*, if nobody will have him? and besides, it's not any fault to be taxed for, because we did not make ourselves *bachelors*, for we were made so by God, for nobody was born married, and so I think it's a very unconstitutional tax." (Vol. iv. p. 366.)

NOTES.

- P. 1. **Frances Burney**, b. 1752. Published *Evelina*, 1778; *Cecilia*, 1782. Became Second Keeper of the Robes to Queen Charlotte, 1786; retired 1791. Married General D'Arblay, 1793. Lived in France, 1802-12. Published *Camilla*, 1796; *The Wanderer*, 1814; *Memoirs of Dr. Burney*, 1832. Lost her husband, 1818, and her son, 1837. Died 1840. Her *Diary and Letters* were published 1842-6.
1. 9. **Burke**, etc. Burke entered the House of Commons 1765, died 1797. **Dr. Johnson**: see Introduction. His English Dictionary was completed in 1755. The famous Club met at the Turk's Head. Sir Joshua Reynolds founded it "to give Dr. Johnson unlimited opportunities of talking," he said.
1. 11. **Samuel Rogers**, a wealthy connoisseur and patron of art and letters, b. 1763, d. 1855. When he commissioned a publisher to print his own dull didactic poems, he was told, "Very well, Mr. Rogers, but nobody will buy them." "I'll make 'em buy 'em," replied Rogers, and he engaged Turner, Stothard, and other eminent artists to supply the exquisite illustrations for whose sake they are still bought.
1. 12. **Southey**, 1774-1843.
1. 18. **Cowper**, 1731-1800.
1. 19. **Porson**, one of the greatest of Greek scholars, entered Trinity College, Cambridge, 1778, d. 1808.
1. 19. **William Pitt**, the younger, b. 1759, entered Parliament 1781, Prime Minister December 1783, d. 1806.
1. 20. **Lord Erskine**, a famous lawyer and orator. Lord Chancellor in Fox's ministry ("All the Talents") 1806-7.
- P. 2, l. 4. **Della Crusca**, name of a literary clique about 1786 (imitated from a Florentine grammatical society of the sixteenth century) which concocted pseudo-poetical puzzles and trifles, and was ridiculed in Gifford's satire *The Baviad*.
- l. 4. **Kotzebue**, a prolific German dramatist of little merit, some of whose tragedies, rather fierce and gory, had a great run on the English stage.

- P. 2, l. 7. Wm. Godwin wrote novels, such as *Caleb Williams*, intended to teach his own philosophy of society. Erasmus Darwin, man of science, wrote poems about his botanical theories.
- l. 8. Mrs. Radcliffe wrote *The Mysteries of Udolpho* and other supernatural and sentimental romances.
- l. 10. Mrs. Behn, an obsolete writer of the Restoration period.
- l. 11. Blackmore, d. 1729, a physician and scribbler. Cf. Pope, *Imitation of Horace*, Bk. II. Ep. I. l. 386.
- l. 17. Sir Condy Rackrent, in Miss Edgeworth's *Castle Rackrent*, shammed dead in order to hear what would be said about him at his wake. He was somewhat disappointed.
- P. 3, l. 25. Goodman's Fields Theatre stood near Whitechapel High Street, to the south of Alie Street.
- P. 5, l. 10. hornbook, a battledore-shaped table of the alphabet.
- P. 6, l. 9. Amelia, by Henry Fielding, d. 1754. Richardson's most famous works were *Clarissa Harlowe* (1740) and *Sir Charles Grandison* (1753).
- P. 7, l. 21. George Colman, an editor and dramatic author, and manager, first of Covent Garden theatre and then of the Haymarket.
Rev. Thomas Twining, a classical scholar, linguist and musician, some of whose ablest papers (in *Recreations and Studies of a Country Clergyman*) were written to Dr. Burney.
- James Harris of Salisbury, a learned grammarian and philologist and connoisseur in music, M.P. for several years between 1760 and 1780. His son was the eminent diplomatist, Lord Malmesbury.
- Baretti, an Italian, intimate with Johnson and his circle. When he was attacked by a bully in the Haymarket, he killed the man, stood his trial and obtained an acquittal.
- l. 22. John Hawkesworth conducted *The Adventurer*, with Johnson's help, and wrote in his style so successfully that readers distinguished no difference.
- Barry, a painter of enormous and ambitious pictures, more admired in his own time than since. He was very quarrelsome, and often tried to quarrel with Sir Joshua Reynolds.
- P. 8, l. 7. gold key, as Groom of the Stole.
- l. 11. Orloff conducted the deposition and assassination of the Czar Peter III. (1762) which gave the crown to his widow, the famous Catherine II., a German princess.
- l. 15. toupee, the tall feathers which it was a Russian fashion to wear in the cap; in England ladies then wore them.
- l. 25. Melton Mowbray, Leicestershire, is still a favourite centre for hunting.

- P. 8, l. 25. **James Bruce**, the celebrated traveller, explored the sources of the Blue Nile, 1770-71.
- l. 28. **Omai**, a native from the Society Isles, brought to England on the *Adventure*, which accompanied Captain Cook in his explorations in the Pacific, 1772-4, and on which James Burney was an officer. Omai was taken back to the South Seas by Cook on his final voyage.
- l. 30. **Oberea, Opano**, natives of Otaheite, one of the same islands ; the former figured considerably in the experiences of Wallis, Bligh and Sir J. Banks on that island.
- P. 11, l. 4. **Mrs. Siddons** (Sarah Kemble), the famous tragic actress. Her career extended from 1774 to 1812.
- l. 5. **Master Betty**—W. H. Betty was a precocious boy actor, all the rage about 1803.
- l. 6. *Jack Sheppard*—story of a thief, by H. Ainsworth, dramatised. *Philip van Artevelde*, a literary drama by Sir Henry Taylor.
- P. 12, l. 30. **Lady Coventry**, one of the famous Miss Gunnings, whose beauty took London by storm ; she died of consumption. Her sister became Duchess of Hamilton. Their father was a poor Irish squire.
- P. 14, l. 14. **Gay's Beggars' Opera** (1728) was popular for half a century, and revived even later.
- l. 15. Crisp went to live at Chessington Hall, near Ewell, Surrey.
- P. 18, l. 20. **Anstey**, a humourous verse-writer whose satire *The New Bath Guide*, 1766, won the enthusiastic praise of such severe critics as Gray and Horace Walpole.
- l. 25. **Lydia Languish, Sukey Saunter**, see Sheridan's *The Rivals*, especially Act I. Sc. 2.
- P. 19, ll. 17, 19. **Kenrick, Wolcot, Steevens, Williams**—satirists who exceeded even the licence of those times in venomous libel. Wolcot wrote as "Peter Pindar." Steevens helped Johnson in an edition of Shakespeare.
- l. 22. "A bad writer of our own time"—J. W. Croker, author, editor, and eminent public servant ; but a man of unpleasant character. He was Macaulay's *bête noire*. A Tory and a successful controversialist, he more than once exposed the fallacies in Macaulay's history and arguments. His own severe reviews in the *Quarterly* roused much not unreasonable resentment. His attack on Keats was imagined to have killed the poet, but produced Byron's famous rejoinder—
- " 'Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,
Should let itself be snuff'd out by an article."
- His edition of Boswell's *Life* does not merit the condemnation in the text : but Mme. D'Arblay would not be likely to help anyone

in editing it, since, like many of Johnson's friends, she disliked that work, considering it one-sided to the point of caricature. Thackeray's review of Croker's *Boswell* and Croker's review of Macaulay's *History*, in a style much like Macaulay's own, are reprinted in R. B. Johnson's useful volume *Famous Reviews*, (1914).

- P. 19, l. 33. **Richard Cumberland**, the original of "Sir Fretful Plagiary" in Sheridan's *Critic*; dramatist and poet; had a great vogue in his own day, "happily combining the excellences of Shakespeare and Milton." He was intensely jealous.

- P. 20, l. 2. **Mrs. Thrale**: see Introduction.

- l. 36. **Paoli**, the patriotic leader of the Corsican effort for independence. He sought refuge in England. Boswell wrote two books on Corsica, and Paoli's struggle for freedom, of which he was so proud that he is said to have stuck a paper in his hat announcing '*Corsica Boswell*'.

- P. 21, l. 4. **Dr. Franklin**, or Francklin, a scholar, dramatist, and author; friend of Johnson and Reynolds.

- l. 5. **Benjamin Franklin**, of Pennsylvania, was a principal leader in the struggle of the Americans against the insulting taxes and repressions of Grenville, Townshend and Lord North, and his mission to France in 1776 brought about the entry of that country into the war, its decisive factor. He would, therefore (before 1783), have been legally a traitor to the British Crown.

- l. 9. *Alas etc.*, From the "Catalogue of Ships," Iliad, Bk. II.

Ajax the less, Oileus' son, the Locrians led to war,
Not like to Ajax Telamon, but lesser man by far.

(Chapman's translation.)

- P. 22, l. 3. **Arthur Murphy**, actor and dramatic author, d. 1805.

- l. 36. **Bayes**, the absurd dramatist (a caricature meant for Davenant) in the Duke of Buckingham's mock-heroic burlesque *The Rehearsal* (1671). It had been revived at Covent Garden in 1767.

- P. 23, l. 17. **Democritus**, an ancient Greek philosopher, said to have continually laughed at the follies of mankind.

- l. 18. **Heraclitus**, another ancient Greek philosopher, who emphasized the transitory and melancholy nature of life, therefore called the "weeping" in distinction from the "laughing" Democritus.

- P. 25, l. 31. "*Probationary Odes for the Laureateship*," an anonymous set of satirical poems, perhaps better known as a part of *The Rolliad*.

- P. 26, l. 3. **Shakspeare**. Any edition which George III would have used would be unexpurgated and full of confused readings. His remark, no doubt, applied to passages which no longer appear in our usual editions. He was not really contemptuous of Shakespeare.

- P. 27, l. 29. **A seventy-four**, ship of seventy-four guns. James Burney was already a Captain, but had little further preferment. He naively asked his sister to procure for him "a frigate of thirty-two guns—" Now, if you ask for it, don't say a *frigate*, and get me one of twenty-eight." Charles Burney, the elder brother, made himself a name as a teacher and classical scholar.
- P. 28, l. 27. **With what object, etc.** : see Introduction.
- P. 29, l. 2. **death of Harrel**, (the gambler) in *Cecilia*.
- P. 31, l. 4. **a whole German Chapter**—the Knights of the Teutonic Order, and of similar German Orders, being all noblemen of long descent, were proverbial for haughtiness.
- l. 31. **Mrs. Crewe**, one of the most charming of the great ladies of society. She was distinguished as a frequent hostess to the Fox and Burke party, among whose favourite toasts was (alluding also to Fox's colours, buff and blue)—"True blue and Mrs. Crewe."
 - l. 32. **Dilly**, a well-known bookseller and publisher. The two professions were not then separate.
- P. 32, l. 8. **The last great master**, etc. Lucian, speaking, not of himself, but under an assumed character, thus trying to dissuade a friend from hiring himself to a grandeé as a tame philosopher, according to a fashion among the wealthy Romans.
- P. 34, l. 17. **Pembroke**, Dr. Johnson's college. Sir Joshua Reynolds had designed the windows of New College ante-chapel.
- l. 22. **Warren Hastings**. His impeachment was famous for the display of oratory. Fanny Burney may well have learned, from her father and other friends, of the general (and not only Tory) conviction that the trial was a political demonstration, instigated by bitter personal spite. Modern opinion inclines to this view. The impeachment was agreed upon in February 1788, and the trial lasted until April 1792, by making long intervals. Judgment was given only in 1795. Hastings was fully acquitted, but the enormous cost had utterly ruined him. It is not necessary to suppose Miss Burney ignorant of his services, as her *Diary* shows acquaintance with his history and his wife's.
- P. 35, l. 1. **Pomptine** (or Pontine) **marshes**, south of Rome, near the sea.
- l. 11. **William Windham**, of Norfolk, a man distinguished by culture and charm, was one of Dr. Johnson's best friends. For a time he was a member of the Burke and Fox party, but was too high-minded to make a successful politician. He supported the party of justice towards America, and had tried to obtain justice for Ireland in Fox and North's ministry of 1783.
 - l. 24. the **Westminster Election** of 1784 is famous as reaching the climax of bribery and ferocity. The poll was kept open for a month and a half, and even then the returning officer refused to endorse the election of Fox. This was the occasion on which a

butcher told the celebrated Duchess of Devonshire that he would vote for Fox if she would permit him to kiss her ; she did.

P. 36, l. 26. **Mr. Monckton**, character in *Cecilia*.

P. 42, l. 1. **Horace Walpole**. He wrote that he would not repine at his own privation of pleasure in not meeting her “ were your situation either in point of fortune or position equal in any degree to your merit. But were your talents given to be buried in obscurity ? You have retired from the world to a closet at court—where, indeed, you will still discover mankind, though not disclose it ; for if you could penetrate its characters in the earliest glimpses of its superficies, will it escape your piercing eye when it sinks from your inspection, knowing that you have the mirror of truth in your pocket ? ” etc.

l. 29. **Juno**. In Virgil's *Aeneid*, VIII. 323-560, Juno, the queen of heaven, employs Allecto, one of the Furies, to stir up war in Italy against Aeneas and his Trojan followers.

P. 43, l. 21. **birthday**. The sovereign's birthday was still celebrated as a festival, and the poet-laureate was expected to provide an ode for the occasion. Miss Burney, when at court, found that she must appear in a new dress on every royal birthday (twelve).

P. 45, l. 25. Mr. John Reeves, a learned lawyer and author, was convinced by the horrors of the French Revolution that the government of England resided wholly in the King, and that Parliaments and Juries were “ subsidiary and occasional adjuncts.”

l. 26. The constitution of 1791, accepted by Louis XVI., sought to give a monarchical system to France by reducing the king to a cypher.

l. 28. **Pétion**, Marat, two of the most bloodthirsty revolutionary leaders. The former was mayor of Paris.

l. 36. Count Louis de Narbonne had been minister of war to Louis XVI.

P. 48, l. 3. **kings at arms**—chief heralds whose duty it was, in the later mediaeval times, to settle the precedence of noblemen.

P. 49, l. 4. John Wilkes, M. P., the orator and political agitator, editor of the *North Briton*, over whom raged the famous parliamentary and judicial quarrels of 1763-4 and 1770, was reputed to be the ugliest man in London. He boasted that his eloquence would give him the preference, with any lady, over the handsomest man in London if he could have five minutes start.

l. 5. Gibbon is the eminent historian of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

l. 7. George Canning, the brilliant minister (d. 1827) and Sir Thomas Lawrence (d. 1830) the eminent portrait painter, were both men of distinguished appearance.

- P. 51, l. 21. Mr. Edward Ferrars, etc.—four characters in *Sense and Sensibility*, *Northanger Abbey*, *Mansfield Park*, and *Emma* respectively.
- l. 28. Pope, *Essay on Man*, II. ll. 133 ff.
- l. 29. Harpagon, in Molière's *L'Avare*. Jourdain, in *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*. Joseph Surface, in Sheridan's *School for Scandal*. Sir Lucius O'Trigger, in *The Rivals*.
- P. 52, l. 3. One of Ben Jonson's most successful plays is *Every Man in His Humour*. The quotation is from *Every Man out of His Humour*.
- l. 12. John Elwes is the classical English example of the miser. He was penurious about his own home and himself; he had a great fortune, but would not have his shoes cleaned lest they should wear out by the rubbing. (d. 1780.)
Sir S. Egerton Brydges imagined his family had a claim on the ancient barony of Chandos.
- l. 15. Bellingham, shot Spencer Perceval, prime minister, 1812, because of an imaginary grievance.
- l. 16. Thomas Clarkson, the friend of Wilberforce, devoted his life to the abolition of the slave-trade and slavery.
- l. 34. "Madame D'Arblay has left us scarcely anything but humours." The "scarcely" must, however, cover her two heroines, Evelina and Cecilia, as well as, in the latter work, Harrel, the younger Delville, Belfield, and, on Macaulay's own admission, Monkton, besides several of the more lightly sketched characters and the touching portraits of Cecilia's poor clients.
- P. 54, l. 24. "Madame D'Arblay's style underwent a gradual and most pernicious change, etc." She certainly furnishes the most striking example of a rather general collapse of English prose style at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Quantities of letters, pamphlets, newspapers and forgotten volumes exhibit similar, if less marked, deterioration. Probably the staggering effects of the French Revolution and the great war—till then unparalleled—are more accountable than Dr. Johnson for the prevailing efforts at grandiloquence. The result was usually a verbosity complicated by the habitual choice of exactly the wrong word. The collapse of style was fortunately not complete: this was the period of such admirable writers as Hazlitt, De Quincey and Charles Lamb.
- P. 57, l. 1. John Galt, a popular novelist of peasant life (d. 1839), wrote *The Ayrshire Legatees*, *The Entail*, and other tales.
- l. 3. Goss, Rowland, antiquaries who edited ancient material with over-much praise. The latter published a thin but fulsome *History of the House of Neville*.
- P. 60, l. 18. Mr. Gosport, in *Cecilia*, Sir Sedley Clarendel, in *Camilla*

- P. 60, l. 20. **Euphuism**, an Elizabethan fashion of style of an extremely involved elegance, as far removed as possible from natural expression. First introduced, from Spanish literature, by Lord Berners in *The Golden Book of Marcus Aurelius* (1535), a translation, but perfected in Lyly's *Euphues* and *Euphues and his England* (1579, 1580), which made it the fashion. Shakespeare ridiculed it, especially in *Love's Labour's Lost*.
- P. 61, l. 3. **Richard Bentley**, the learned critic, d. 1742.
- l. 5. **Inigo**, or Inigo Jones, the famous designer of masques and architect in the classical style (d. 1652). He built Whitehall Banqueting Hall; St. Paul's, Covent Garden; Lincoln's Inn Chapel, and several great mansions.
- l. 18. **The Female Quixote**, a tale by Mrs. Lennox (1752), intended as a feminine variant of Cervantes' *Don Quixote*.
- P. 62, l. 3. **Jeremy Collier**, a learned historical and polemical author, and a fearless non-juror, d. 1726. His *Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage* (1698) had a real influence on public opinion, and induced Dryden to make an apology for the licence in his own plays.

QUESTIONS AND SUBJECTS FOR ESSAYS

1. Describe the circumstances of Fanny Burney's home. How did they influence her ?
2. What kind of man was Dr. Burney ? What did Miss Burney owe to him ?
3. Give some account of Samuel Crisp and his relations with Fanny Burney.
4. What do you know of the position and characteristics of the following persons, and of the circumstances of Fanny Burney's acquaintance with them : Burke, Johnson, Pitt, Garrick, Mrs. Thrale, Fielding, Reynolds ?
5. How does Macaulay explain, and illustrate, the frequent failure of men of genius to do justice to the achievements of others in the same sphere ?
6. What was the position assigned to the Novel in English Literature before the appearance of *Evelina*, and how did Fanny Burney's achievement alter it ?
7. Compare the estimation in which women writers were held in the eighteenth century with that accorded to them in the twentieth.
8. Examine, by means of a brief sketch of Fanny Burney's life, the effect of her experiences and surroundings upon her literary work.
9. What is meant by a novel, or a play, of *Humours* ? Illustrate from any works you have yourself read.
10. Compare *Evelina* (or *Cecilia*) with any one of the works of Jane Austen or Maria Edgeworth, so as to indicate the more striking differences, or similarities, of treatment.
11. Compare any modern novel of character (e.g. by George Eliot, Mrs. Gaskell, etc.) with a novel or tale of incident (e.g. *Robinson Crusoe*). May *Evelina* be described as half-way between the two ?
12. Criticise Fanny Burney's acceptance of a post at Court from (a) her own point of view, (b) her family's, (c) Macaulay's, (d) your own point of view.

13. "The useful office of a connoisseur." What appears to be the true function of the critic? How far do you consider that Macaulay fulfils it?

14. Paraphrase into clear and simple English the passage on page 58, beginning "He was assaulted," and the passage on page 59, "If beneficence," and explain the differences between Johnsonian English and "Johnsonese."

15. Was the fondness of the seventeenth and eighteenth century writers for a "ruling passion" wholly mistaken, or can you discover, from history or literature, any reasonable grounds for it?

16. What seems to have been the place, among the occupations of the times of Fanny Burney, of cards, conversation, music, the theatre?

HELPS TO FURTHER STUDY

1. *Evelina*, edited, with good introductions, by—
(1) A. R. Ellis (1881). (2) R. Brimley Johnson (1894).
(3) Austin Dobson (1903, 1910).

Cecilia, ed. with preface by A. R. Ellis (1904, *The York Library*).
Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay, ed. Austin Dobson, 6 v., 1904. *Early Diary of Fanny Burney*, ed. A. R. Ellis, 1899.

2. For Life and Criticism : Austin Dobson, *Fanny Burney (English Men of Letters Series)* 1903. R. Brimley Johnson, *The Women Novelists*. 1918.

3. For the Court-life of the Period : A. D. Greenwood, *Hanoverian Queens of England*, Vol. II.

4. Select passages from F. Burney's *Diary* may be found in any of the following : L. B. Seeley, *Fanny Burney and her Friends*; C. Hill, *Fanny Burney at the Court of Queen Charlotte*; F. F. Moore, *The Keeper of the Robes* (with good illustrations).

5. The literary society of the period is copiously illustrated in Boswell's *Life of Johnson*; Horace Walpole's *Letters*—ed. Cunningham, or Mrs. Paget Toynbee (the best); *Select Letters from Horace Walpole* (Bell)—Mrs. Piozzi's (Mrs. Thrale) *Anecdotes of Samuel Johnson*, 1786; and *Autobiography and Letters*, ed. Hayward, 1861. Selections from Mrs. Thrale's works in L. B. Seeley, *Mrs. Thrale*, 1891.

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